

HOUSEHOLD GEMS

CHARLES NELSON TEETER



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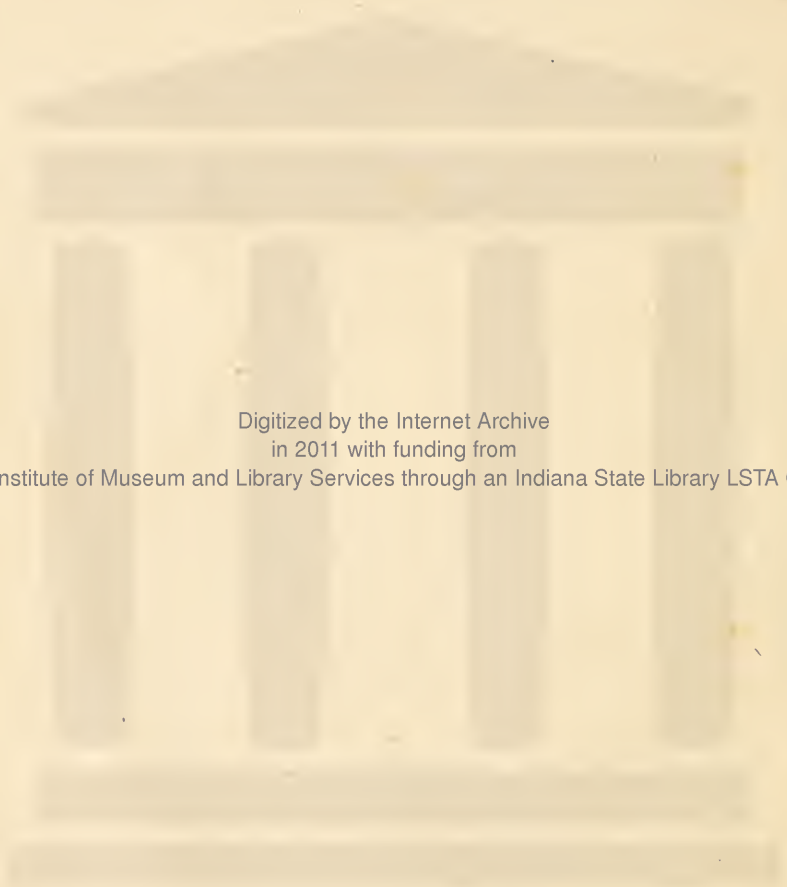
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HOUSEHOLD GEMS.



A METRICAL WORK

BY

CHARLES NELSON TEETER.



THIS VOLUME CONTAINS OVER ONE HUNDRED OF
HIS BEST POEMS.



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1896.

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By CHARLES NELSON TEETER.

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DEDICATION.

*Inasmuch as this work contains many
pieces suitable for declamation, it is
therefore dedicated to the*

AMERICAN STUDENT .

INTRODUCTION.

In writing a successful book, two points are essential: 1. The writer should have something to tell. 2. He must know how to tell it, whether he tells it in prose or in poetry. In writing this little volume we thought we had something to say on the different subjects we have treated, and we have said it in our peculiar way, but whether we have been equal to the task of telling it as it should be told, or not, is left for the reader to decide.

In writing a metrical work, the writer is presumed to know something about his business, and as that has been ours, perhaps it may not be amiss to give, in as few words as possible, some of our notions and ideas about poetry. Poetry may be classed or graded as good, bad, and indifferent. It is of the first class that we wish more particularly to speak; of this class there is being more written at the present time than ever before in the world's history, other men's opinions to the contrary, notwithstanding; for this is certainly an age of poetry as well as an age of invention. It is not every day, however, that we find a real good

poem, even at this stage of the world's progress ; but when we do find one, a single perusal of it does not satisfy us, and we have to read it over and over again, in order, as it were, to drink in its full inspiration.

There are times when one can write better than he can at others, and such times are generally taken advantage of by all good writers, and this is what Longfellow meant by saying : "When the spirit says write, write." Good writers do not always write well, however, for the very reason that they sometimes undertake to write when the spirit does not move, or in other words, when they are not in a proper mood or condition to write. Some of Longfellow's poems are sublime, and some are indifferent, although he is generally considered one of the best poets this country has ever produced. When he wrote :

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,"

he wrote most excellent poetry, this, no one can deny; and when Hagan wrote :

"All in action, all in motion,
In this mighty world of ours,
Like the current of the ocean
Man is urged by unseen powers,"

he wrote a great truth, and at the same time, one of the finest poetical effusions ever written in the English language.

Now the question naturally arises, what constitutes good poetry? The question having arisen, we will try to answer it. No poetry is good unless it is sensible, so that good sense constitutes the chief ingredient; being sensible, the sense must stand out in bold relief, clear and plain—so plain indeed that a child ten years of age could not fail to understand were he to read. This is, in my opinion, the most important thing to be taken into consideration. Next to the sense is the meter, without which it does not deserve the name of poetry. There must also be a harmony of language that is pleasant to the ear, and if the verse be not blank, the rhyme must be complete. When we find a poem consisting of all these elements we cannot but pronounce it good, and if it sparkles with a little wit, so much the better. Good poetry is in one respect like good money, it has a genuine ring about it, that the spurious stuff has not. Bad poetry does not jingle. Nearly all good readers of to-day are good critics, and it is an easy matter for them to detect the difference between good poetry and bad. Simplicity of style and clearness of expression are what the great mass of readers require at the hands of the author. In writing we have endeavored, under all

circumstances, to keep the sense in full view and not lose sight of it even for a moment. In order to do this, and also preserve the meter, as well as the rhyme, and at the same time to tell just what we wanted to say, and in language to suit the taste, we have always found it to be a difficult task. The style we have adopted is our own ; the sentiments we have given expression to, are also our own, except in a few instances, perhaps where the views of others exactly coincide with our own.

To be sure, we have often chosen themes for our pen, that have been written upon before by competent writers, but we have expressed our own ideas, and not theirs, as it is a fact that people differ very frequently in their views upon the same subject.

Our aim throughout has been to write in a clear and succinct manner, never destroying the sense for the sake of rhyme, and always writing the truth as we understood it, from the standpoint we occupied. Now if we have written anything that will add to the literature of our day we shall be glad, or if we have done nothing more, than to amuse even a few of the dwellers of earth, we shall feel that our time has not been wholly lost. Everybody has his favorite theme of meditation or thought—a theme that he gives more attention and time to than anything else. One man has politics, another theology, another science, and so

on through the whole catalogue ; but poetry has been ours, and our time, or much of it at least, from our boyhood days has been devoted to it, and if there is one thing we love better than anything else, it is poetry, true and genuine. If there is one hour more agreeably spent than another, it is the one in which we are engaged in bringing out, in tangible form, the poetry of our nature.

We have selected for publication in this little volume over one hundred of our best poems, treating on many different subjects. They have been written through a considerable lapse of time, say from 1855 to 1895, and under very different circumstances, as well as in many different places. Some were written in the East, and some in the far West, but all within the bounds of the United States. Some were written by the lamp's dim light and some under the full glare of the noonday sun. Some have been written in one kind of verse, and some in another, until almost every kind of meter has been employed.

Only a few of the poems have ever been published in the newspapers of the country, so that nearly every thing contained in the book will be new to the reader. Interspersed among the poems are quite a number of autographs that are entirely original. Some of them have been written by the author in different albums throughout the country, and without doubt have been

copied into other albums until they are pretty well scattered, but wherever found we claim the authorship. A few epitaphs and epigrams will be found in this work which are also original.

In placing this volume before the public, we do so with great reluctance, as we have no means of knowing how it will be received. To us it is an experiment, which may, or may not, be worth trying—we don't know. We are not presumptuous enough, however, to think that this work will please everybody, for that would be out of the question, but feel confident some will like it; should this be the case we shall be satisfied.

BY THE AUTHOR.

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THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

Spring has come in all her glory,
Since old winter took his leave,
Nature now is clothed in beauty,
Fragrant is the air we breathe.

Grass is springing in the meadow,
Leaves they are unfolding too,
Flowers on every side are blooming
Aided by the rain and dew.

Birds are in the treetops warbling
Music that we love to hear—
Music that no other songsters
Can our hearts so truly cheer.

In the orchard bees are humming
As they fly from flower to flower,
Shortly they are interrupted
By the falling of a shower.

But the clouds will soon pass over
And the sun will shine once more,
Just as grand and gloriously
As it ever shone before.

Such is spring, oh, lovely season!—
Most delightful of the year,
Full of charms to please the vision,
Full of music to the ear.

SUMMER.

'Tis evident that once again
Bright summer has resumed her reign,
Has superceded spring once more,
As she has done oft-times before.
On gazing round it will be seen
That earth is robed in brightest green—
A garb she dons when summer reigns,
Without a whit of extra pains,
And one in which she doth appear,
To judge from all that we can hear,
Far more becoming than the one
She dons when summer-reign is done.
The sun beats down immensely hot
On each and every sunny spot,
Which almost forces us to own
That we are in the torrid zone.

Although we swelter with the heat
While sleeping neath a single sheet
With every window open wide,
As well as all the doors beside,
We must admit that weather warm
Is what we need to make the corn.
As all the roads are dusty quite
The traveler in his saddest plight
May now be seen to jog along,
Noways inclined to sing a song,
Or talk or whistle, laugh or joke,
Nor round about him wrap a cloak,
For yonder sun in passing o'er
Will start the sweat from every pore,
And make him draw his handkerchief
To wipe his brow and get relief ;
And thus 'tis seen with vision clear
That summer is the time of year,
The traveler on the highway must
Contend with heat as well as dust.
The little brook that babbled by
Not long ago, alas, is dry !
'Twas by degrees, and slowly too,
Its murmur faint and fainter grew
As day by day the heat increased
Until it ultimately ceased,
And now adown its sandy bed
Unhesitatingly we tread.

The earth is groaning now beneath
A burden she will soon bequeath
Unto the tillers of the soil
As a reward for honest toil.
The harvest time is near at hand
When all the grain throughout the land
Must by the sickle kiss the ground,
And then be gathered up and bound*
By men of muscle, men of nerve,
Who should be willing now to serve
A neighbor in the time of need,
And be to him his friend indeed.
The grain, we venture, is not all
That by the sickle keen must fall,
For acres upon acres now
Of grass is ready for the mow,
When cut, and dried, and stowed away,
'Twill then assume the name of hay
And be unto the cattle fed,
When all the grass around is dead.
The deep green foliage that now
Luxuriant hangs from every bough
Excludes the light of heaven that would
The forest enter if it could,
And so, you see 'tis filled with gloom
As dark and dismal as the tomb.

*This poem was written be'ore the *Binder* was invented.

The feathered songster of the air,
They even seem to be aware
That 'tis the order of the day,
And so they hide themselves away,
For scarcely one can now be seen
The branches huge to dart between,
They evidently were not made
To live contented in the shade.
Now, when the lengthened summer day,
Alas ! has smiled and passed away
When evening shades are gathering round
And all is silent—not a sound
Is heard, except the katydid
That in some treetop near is hid—
And when a cool refreshing breeze
Has just sprung up o'er land and seas,
As if its mission was to seek
Some lady fair to fan her cheek.
This is the time, the glorious time,
For all that still are in their prime,
To meet and then to serenade
With music sweet some lovely maid.
In summertime the butterfly
Will oftentimes gaily pass you by,
'Tis sport to see him dart about,
His course is zigzag out and out,
Just like a bird he's on the wing,
But can not be induced to sing.

There also is another fly
We often meet with in July,
A curious-looking object that
Rejoices in the name of bat,
He can not stand the sun's bright ray,
So flies by night instead of day ;
The firefly, too, an insect queer,
In weather warm will oft appear,
He has what both the others lack,
And that's a lantern on his back,
It lights him on his darksome way
And makes his course as plain as day.
The whip-poor-will, a curious bird,
At close of day is sometimes heard,
His voice is clear and somewhat shrill
When he pronounces "Whip-poor-will,"
A modest but peculiar word,
That ne'er was spoke by other bird,
Upon the whole, bright summer is
The time to lay aside our " biz "
For something like a month or so,
And to some place of refuge go
Where for awhile our minds may be
From cares and tribulations free.

AUTUMN.

Since we to summer bid adieu
The sky assumes a somber hue,
More frequent now the clouds appear,
A haze pervades the atmosphere,
The heat is o'er by this we learn
And will not for a while return.
The autumn winds—oh, how they blow !
An indication, well, you know
That winter is not far away,
Approaching nearer every day.
The hickorynuts are ripe at last
And to the ground are falling fast.
While children in the highest glee
Are scampering from tree to tree
To pick them up and lay them by
In some convenient place to dry,
Where easily they may be found,
When snow has covered up the ground,
And winter with its chilling blast
Has visited our home at last.
The autumn leaves are falling too
Where lately fell the sparkling dew,
A zigzag course they downward take,
Descending in each other's wake
From every tree both great and small,
'Tis one by one they droop and fall

As fast as they by frost are nipped
Until the forest bare is stripped.
The husbandman is now perhaps
Already up and on his "taps"
Preparing for old winter grim
That is expected soon by him ;
The orchards are beyond dispute
Well laden with the finest fruit,
While men and boys and lasses too
Have work in plenty now to do,
In picking up the apples fair
And taking them to cellars, where
They may be kept for winter use,
Or manufactured into juice.
The grass is changing fast in hue,
And in perhaps a week or two
It will be dead and crinkled down
Its color of a reddish brown.
O'er prairie lands away out West
Where timber is in good request,
The prairie fires will soon appear
And change the landscape far and near,
Will change it to a darker hue
By far than frost is wont to do.
Now, at this season of the year,
As winter time approaches near,
There sometimes is a week or so
Of Indian summer, fine, you know,

When nature smiles, if smile she can,
To cheer the heart and soul of man,
When shines the sun in splendor down,
On prairie, woodland, lake, or town,
And warns to life the honeybee
That lives content in some old tree,
And also causes him to come
From out his dungeon and to hum
Around our heads, as through the gray
Old forest grand we love to stay.
The time, alas ! is now at hand
When all the flowers throughout the land
Must droop, and die, and pass away,
No more their beauty to display,
No more to mingle with the air
Their fragrance sweet, delicious, rare,
No more to charm or please the eye
Of each and every passer by,
For they, indeed, will soon be dead
And strewn where we are wont to tread,
And not until another year
Will there another flower appear,
Through trackless fields, high o'er the head,
The wild geese now, with pinions spread,
Are passing on so blithe and gay
To southern climes, far, far away,
Where they will stay till spring and then
Back to the north return again.

First in the fall and then the spring
These water fowls are on the wing,
And thus, you see, 'tis very clear
They migrate twice in every year.
Now is the time that we should go
If we would hunt the buffalo,
The elk, the deer, the antelope,
Or with the grizzly bear would cope ;
For fat indeed is now their meat
And consequently nice to eat.
We sometimes hunt the honey-bee
In order just to find his tree,
And sport it is, there's no mistake,
If luck has followed in our wake,
But when we find by looking round
Success has not our efforts crowned,
'Tis anything but sport, you see,
To hunt the little busy bee.
Each time the earth revolves around
More cold and damp becomes the ground
Until of heat it is too scant
To longer keep alive the plant,
And thus, you see, 'tis day by day
The autumn slowly wears away
Till winter from his lengthy nap,
Awakes and leaps in Autumn's lap.

WINTER.

'Tis winter now and on the ground
There's piles of snow for leagues around,
And all about, outside the door,
The ground is pierced a foot or more
By old "Jack Frost," that queer old chap
Who has his home in winter's lap;
For at this season of the year
His presence is quite often near.
The mercury has settled low
In field or grove where'er you go.
So cold the atmosphere is now
We need no fans to cool the brow,
So let them on the shelf remain
Until the summer comes again.
The very earth on which we tread,
And e'en the heavens overhead,
Proclaim in language strong and clear
That 'tis a dismal time of year.
The howling winds, oh how they blow!
And dash about the driven snow
Which from above sifts down like sand,
On every housetop in the land.
When it has left its place of birth,
And ere it settles to the earth,
'Tis caught by wind that rushes past,
And forced along before the blast

Across the fields it swiftly flies,
And lodges in our face and eyes,
Then piles itself in many a heap
That to a horse is belly deep.
Above, below, where'er we gaze,
There's nothing to draw forth our praise,
Yon tree is of its clothing stripped,
With ice its every twig is tipped,
And now it stands exposed to frost,
With all its crowning beauty lost.
And e'en that grand old forest, too
Lends no enchantment to the view.
Ah ! now it stands all stripped and bare,
No more possessed of beauty rare,
No longer does it charm the eye
Of each and every passer by ;
For now it does appear as gray
As doth the sky at dawn of day.
Within its depths no sound is heard
That cometh forth from beast or bird,
The moaning of the wind is all
The sound that on the ear doth fall,
Since winter hath its pinions spread
And flown to regions overhead,
The babbling brook has lost its charms
Since being clasped in icy arms,
While now along its banks we stray
No flowers are gathered by the way,

The grass is dry, the flowers are dead,
With ice its banks are fringed instead,
No angler now with rod in hand
Can be induced to make a stand ;
For there is not a single trout
That can be seen to dart about.
The basin where we used to swim
Is frozen o'er from rim to rim,
And makes a pleasant place to slide
For boys and girls at eventide ;
For when they have their books laid by
Unto the basin they will hie.
The mill pond, too, is frozen o'er.
And bridged with ice from shore to shore,
And here is where the skaters go
To pass away an hour or so
In gliding o'er the slippery ice,
A sport by them considered nice.
No busy bees can now be seen,
And everything that once was green
Has since been changed to other hues,
Enough to give a man the blues.
The little birds, ah, where are they ?
To climes they've flown far, far away,
Their music now we can not hear,
Which makes the season still more drear ;
But at the first approach of spring
Their notes will through the woodland ring.

The bear into his hole has crept
Where he for six long weeks has slept,
And will not come to light again
Till some weeks longer he has lain.
The ant has disappeared as well,
And sought the confines of her cell ;
But when the winter is no more
She then will open wide her door,
And issue from her dismal room
Her labor to once more resume.
The season is to say the least,
A dreary one to man or beast,
And like the dark unfriendly tomb
It fills the mind with direst gloom ;
But spring will soon return, and then
Our hearts will joyous be again.



AUTOGRAPH.

A difficult task 'twould certainly be
To point out a man from prejudice free,
I'd as soon think of climbing for peanuts
a tree,
Or raking for diamonds the deep blue sea.

THE CONDUCTOR.

He is a gentleman in truth
If ever there was one,
He wears upon his face a smile
Bright shining as the sun.

He has a duty to perform,
Is always at his post ;
A kindly word he has for all—
Of friends he has a host,

A great responsibility
Upon him rests, 'tis true.
But only trust him and you'll see
He'll put you safely through.

The place he occupies he fills,
He surely knows his "biz,"
No other man could take his place
And be just what he is.

He is the most composed of men
And jocular besides,
He laughs and jokes vehemently
While on the rail he rides.

He is accommodating ,too,
As any man can be,

Will often discommode himself
To favor you or me,

If you are old and tremulous
He'll help you if he can,
Upon the whole we think he is
A most obliging man.

But in his palace car should you
Attempt to steal a ride,
He'll help you with that boot of his
To find a place outside.

There's one thing more we wish to say
Before we bid adieu,
And that is this, we'll guarantee
That these few lines are true.



EPITAPH.

My race on earth alas is run,
My cares are o'er, my labor done,
And here at last lo! in the ground
A resting place my form hath found ;
While up above, through fields of light,
My spirit takes its anxious flight,
To mingle with some happy band
That dwelleth in the spirit land.

HOW TO DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG.

It is an easy matter

As we plod our way along,
O'er life's tempestuous journey,
To tell the right from wrong.

For the consideration

Of some beneath the sun,
We'll tell in modern English
Just how it can be done.

Now, in our way of thinking,
There can be nothing wrong,
Unless some one is injured
By word, or deed, or song.

That which can harm or injure
Ourselves in any way ;
In nowise can be righteous
The hosts of heaven would say.

That which can harm or injure
A human or a brute,
By no means can be righteous,
This no one can dispute.

But that which can not injure
By deed, by word, or force,
One solitary being,
Must needs be right, of course.



A GENIUS.

In his exterior he's rough,
A fact that's known quite well enough,
So in appearance he does not
The vision please just to the dot ;
But do not treat that man with scorn
For really he's a genius born,
And not at all like other folks
Who have their sport and crack their jokes,
As he is one that seldom jests
With those who have become his guests.
He has been from his earliest youth
An earnest seeker after truth,
'Tis truth alone we always find
That moulds and elevates the mind,
For error never did nor can
Do anything for mortal man
That will enable him to rise
To be a genius learned and wise.
As benefactor of his race

He occupies a lofty place,
He's always doing what he can
To benefit his fellowman,
And one possessed of such a heart
Is of humanity a part,
And so, of course, we must insist
He's also a philanthropist
In every sense of that great word
That in a church is seldom heard.
An earnest look is on his face,
And one with half an eye can trace
With but a very little care
The lines of thought depicted there.
An individual is he
Possessed in very high degree .
With attributes you seldom find
Developed in the human mind,
Oh, yes ; he is a man of thought,
And many a good thing has he wrought,
Upon the table of the mind,
That doubtless will remain behind
When he is gone. Mankind will then
Behold the magic of his pen,
And better far, appreciate
The works of one so truly great.

THE FRIENDS OF YOUTH.

'Mong the friends we have made
Through a lifelong career,
The friends of our youth
Are by far the most dear ;
Such a place in our hearts
We are sure to them give
That we ne'er can forget them
So long as we live.

Oh, the friends of my youth
Ah ! where are they now ?
No more will I greet them
I am loth to allow,
Their forms have all vanished,
Not one can I see
Wherever I wander
Or chance for to be.

They have strayed, widely strayed,
From the place of their birth,
Till now they are scattered
All over the earth ;
There's some of the number,
And not very few,
To earth and its trials
Have bid an adieu.

Some have gone to the West
In a search after gold,
Expecting their wealth
To increase many fold,
While others have taken
Their chances at sea,
And doubtless are leading
A life bold and free.

Far away to the South,
In Dixie's fair land,
Two or three, I believe,
Have taken their stand,
And here let me mention
That some few there are,
Have slipped away slyly.
I can not tell where.

But I'll think of them each,
I'll remember them all,
Wherever I roam
On this heavenly ball,
And when we have met
On eternity's shore
Again we will greet
As we used to of yore.

JIM BROWN'S COURTSHIP.

As I was riding out one day,
While I was young and blithe and gay,
I chanced to meet a damsel sweet,
She "sorter" blushed and so did I,
We bowed and passed each other by.

We met again still later on
While rambling through the village lawn,
This time I thought, as I had caught
Her all alone, that I would try
To *speak* before I passed her by.

But when my lips were parted wide
To let the words betwixt them slide,
They did not come. Yes, I was dumb,
For they had slipped away just then
Beyond the reach of mortal ken.

Again we met, as if by chance,
'Twas at a little country dance,
I learned her name and soon became
Somewhat acquainted then and there
With her I thought so fresh and fair.

From that time on, with greatest pleasure,
I called upon her at my leisure,
For it was her I did prefer
To any other girl I knew
Beneath the vault of heaven so blue.

As time passed on and I began
To realize I was a man,
And that my life without a wife
Would be a blank—ere 'twas too late,
I thought that I would know my fate.

With some misgivings let me say,
Towards her home I took my way,
And at the door, as oft before,
She met me with a pleasant smile
And asked me in to stay awhile.

She offered me an easy chair,
And 'twas a nice one, I declare,
So in the great armed chair my fate,
To gain or lose the precious boon,
Was to be learned that afternoon.

I plucked up all the courage that
I could command while there I sat
Beside the one that very soon
Must agonize or comfort me,
By telling what my fate would be.

I took her gently by the hand
And in a manner somewhat bland,
I asked her if she would be mated.
She blushed, and then she hesitated,
But for a moment, then replied,
“ Oh, yes ; I'll be your bonny bride.”

Soon after that we married were,
My love to me and I to her,
And ever since that great event,
To be with her I am content,
With legal right to hug and kiss,
My life is now one round of bliss.



THE PROGRESS OF THE MORNING.

The dawn of day has just begun
To open up a field of light,
Behind it is the hidden sun,
Before it what we see is night.
For half an hour the chanticleer
Has sounded loud his clarion horn,
And well has done his little part
To usher in the glorious morn.
A flood of light will soon succeed
The darkness that has reigned supreme,

For even now the sky looks pale
And earth puts on a garb of green.
Along the east horizon's rim
Most lovely tints just now appear,
Denoting that the orb of day
Approaches in the distant rear.
'Tis one by one the glorious stars
Are disappearing from the view,
No longer shines the planet Mars,
No longer falls the sparkling dew.
No longer does the pale-faced moon
In glory shine where now we tread,
For yonder in the radiant east.
The sun is lifting up his head.
No longer need the gas to burn
In parlor, dining room, or hall,
For since the sun once more has risen
There 's light in plenty for us all.
And now that Sol has shown his face
And shed abroad his rays of light,
The question that doth now arise,
Is where, oh where, has flown the night?



EPIGRAM.

Grand ideas, clothed in rhyme,
Are among the things sublime.

FIDO'S SOLILOQUY.

I am a friendless dog
From place to place I roam,
There is no spot on earth
That I can call my home.
My case is so abject,
So hopeless and forlorn,
Oh, dear ! I sometimes wish
I never had been born.

My master up and died
And I am left alone,
So there is no one now
To claim me as his own.
Oh, yes, he 's dead and gone—
The only friend I had—
And I am left behind
Unfortunate and sad.

No farmhouse in the land
Cares now to take me in,
A homeless dog am I,
And for sometime have been.
I go from house to house
In quest of food to eat
Beseeching all I see
To give me bread or meat.

A kick is what I get,
Or else perhaps a stone
At me direct is hurled
Instead of flesh and bone.
I then get up and get
As any dog would do
In Stockton or in Troy,
In Jintown or Peru.

Another house I seek
And there perhaps a gun
At me will be discharged
Just for to see me run.
And thus my very life
Is harrassed day by day,
No peace is there for me
Since master passed away.

Since I have homeless been
A wanderer on the street
I'm treated "like a *dog*"
By every one I meet,
Till I am quite forlorn,
As all can plainly see,
No friend in all the world
To sooth or pity me.

My jig of life methinks
 Will very soon be up,
 But then I've had my day,
 I had it while a pup.
 But still I want to live,
 I know no reason why,
 Although my life's a *dog's*
 I do not wish to die.

The foregoing lines were suggested to the mind of the writer by a stray dog coming on his premises and the way he was treated by the boys who happened to get their eyes on him about the time he reached the house.

Let me say that that dog didn't tarry long, but took his departure up the lane, about as fast as his legs could carry him, and was soon out of sight.



EPITAPH.

There lies within this narrow grave
 A seaman who was bold and brave ;
 But we will not bewail his lot,
 Since he has gone beyond this vale
 Of tears no more on seas to sail,

THE HUMAN FORM.

In getting up the human form
Ingenious was the plan,
As man was for the woman made
And woman for the man.

How great indeed the contrast is
Between the man and beast ;
They differ with each other in
A hundred ways at least.

Unlike the beast, the human form
Was curiously planned.
Erect or perpendicular
'Twas made to walk or stand.

When only clad in Nature's robe
'Tis viewed with fond delight.
O, what an object to behold!
It is a glorious sight.

There's not in all the world throughout
A grander sight than this;
It charms the eye amazingly,
And fills the soul with bliss.

Symmetrical in all its curves,
Superlative and fine.

No other object is there like
The human form divine.

The zebra may be beautiful,
But it will not compare
In beauty with the maiden's form,
So delicate and fair.

No wonder, then, that artists say
On being interviewed,
The subject they prefer is one
That is entirely nude.



AN ACROSTIC.

By request of Mrs. Lela Knaus, the author wrote
the following acrostic in her album :

Life is like unto a river,
Ever gliding on so free,
Losing naught, but gaining something,
As it nears the deep, blue sea.

Knowledge is the one thing needful,
No one can this fact deny,
And as all are upward tending,
Underneath a tranquil sky,
Some may rise to stations high.

A FINE OLD LADY.

I am going ^X down to Ogden,
Within a week or two,
To see a fine old lady
That years ago I knew.

I'm not a going to court her—
O, no, sir; not at all.
My object is to make her
What's termed a friendly call.

Her age is fifty-seven,
Or somewhere thereabout.
She's far from being feeble,
But vigorous and stout.

She is but little wrinkled.
Her form is quite erect.
She stands five feet six inches—
Near as I recollect.

In pounds she weighs two hundred,
If Fairbanks tell the truth,
And yet she is as active
As many in their youth.

It is no easy matter
To span around her waist.

A Fine Old Lady.

She dresses right in fashion.
And with exquisite taste.

Her garments fit her neatly;
They touch just where they ought.
Which adds a charm to beauty,
As I have often thought.

This lady is my mother,
The comfort of my life.
I love her as no other,
Except, perhaps, my wife.

There is no use of talking,
A good old "ma" is she.
O, yes; she is perfection,
As near as one can be.

And why should I not see her,
And pour into her ear
My kind congratulations
She likes so well to hear.

So I'll go down to Ogden
And spend a day or two
In visiting my mother
As any one would do.

ON IMMORTALITY.

Come to me now, my angel guide,
For in thy views I coincide;
And by thy intellectual light,
Impress upon my mind to-night
Some lofty thoughts, and good that may
Eventually find their way,
With all their truths and logic, too,
Into the minds of people who
Are not too prejudiced to read
The contents of another's creed.
Kind reader, now I turn to thee,
Whoever you may chance to be,
And will reveal to thee alone
Some sweet experience of my own.
I feel there is—have felt so years,
A life beyond this vale of tears;
I do not only *feel* but *know*
That certainly it *must* be so,
From evidence that is to me
As positive as it can be,
Although it may not, it is true,
Be any evidence to you.
Now let us reason, and we'll see
If you and I cannot agree
Upon one point, and fully, too,

In saying you loved
Me when but a youth.

You flattered me some
By calling me pet,
A name, I am sure,
I ne'er shall forget,
The *name* I declare
Was sweet to my ear,
But one I must say
I nevermore hear.

We talked when we roamed,
We laughed when we played,
We saw every move
That each other made,
And some of the words
That dropped from your tongue
I could not forget,
If doomed to be hung.

The birds and the flowers,
Without them, you know,
We never would have
Enjoyed ourselves so,
And there was the gay,

Bright butterfly, too,
I well recollect
We oft would pursue.

And then as you say,
A while we would rest,
For sometimes we would
With heat be oppressed,
Perhaps for that day,
No more would we roam,
But take up our march
Across the fields home.

The hours that we spent
On top of the hill,
Quite frequently haunt
My memory still;
The flowers that we picked
By each other's side,
Long since to be sure
Have withered and died.

But not so the love
Contained in your heart,
It seems to be fresh
As 'twas in the start,

Thus they're driven from post to post
Till they've given up the ghost.
Other dogs will better fare
When they're aged and the care
That they absolutely need
Will be given them indeed;
They'll be clothed in garments warm,
Be protected from all harm,
E'en through luxuries they'll wade
Till beneath the turf they're laid;
But perhaps when they were young
O'er the world they had been flung,
Kicked by this one, cuffed by that,
And by others scolded at,
Till they wished with looks forlorn
That they never had been born.
Here the question now comes up,
Would you rather while a pup
Have your day, or wait till when
You are old and have it then?
I for one would have my day
Come when I am old and gray,
For I really think it would
Do me then the greatest good.

THE HELL DOCTRINE CENSURED.

There ^Xis no local hell
Within the realms of space,
Although some people say
That there is such a place.

They also say that tens
Of millions souls, there are,
Upon the broad highway
That leads directly there.

A loving father has
Made no such place as hell,
Where the immortal soul
In agony shall dwell.

'Tis sacrilege to say—
Aye more, it is a sin,
That He has built a pit
To cast his children in.

It really is absurd
To think that One so wise,
Beneficent and good
Should such a thing devise.

Sad and lonely thou hast left us
Here to linger much distressed,
But the hand that hath bereft us
Doeth all things for the best.

So we will not now deplore thee,
Dweller of that spirit land,
Millions have gone on before thee
Great indeed must be the band.

But we are in hopes to meet thee
On that bright ethereal shore,
Where with pleasure we may greet thee
As we used to heretofore.

The above lines were written upon hearing of the death of Miss Aurelia Cowles, who went from one of the Western States to Ohio for her health while in a feeble condition, and died in a short time after reaching the end of her journey. Her age was twenty, her disease consumption, I believe.

AGRICULTURE.

Who would not be farmer
To cultivate the soil,
And earn an honest living
By necessary toil?
It is to man a credit
To raise his daily bread,
As well as other products
On which the world is fed.

To plow and drill and harrow,
To cultivate and hoe,
There's naught that is ignoble
About the work I know;
It gives us health and vigor,
A constitution strong,
Which are so necessary
To an existence long.

It is an occupation
That is to be desired,
For wealth and independence
By it can be acquired;

'Tis not a sad belief
For mind to entertain,
It brings but little grief
And not a whit of pain.

The doctrine has been good
To preach in ages past,
There is no reason why
It should be dropped at last.

It may be that it was
The offspring of a mind
Not very far advanced
In arts of any kind.

Yet be this as it may,
The fact we shall sustain.
Its tendency is such
As often to restrain.

For who'd commit a crime,
A folly or a sin,
If really he believed
That hell would take him in.

Oh, for a thousand tongues!
The doctrine to proclaim,
That hell to-day exists
In fact as well as ~~as well~~ as name.

AN ODD MAN.

In York there lives a man of fame
And Simon Peter is his name,
His age is thirty-two or three,
No more nor less in years is he,
His height, me thinks, upon a pinch,
Would measure six feet and an inch ;
His weight is five score pounds and ten—
Less than the average weight of men—
And so it may be said of him,
His form is somewhat tall and slim.
As straight as any cob is he,
And that is straight enough to be,
Upon his foot he wears a shoe
By far too large for me or you,
Oh, yes, it is too large by half,
And can not but provoke a laugh.
His “pants,” it can not be denied,
Were cut and made to fit the hide,
And by a foot, at least, too short—
To tell the truth, this is the sort
Of “pants” that he is wont to wear
At home, abroad, or anywhere.
Short-waisted is his coat and tight,
Whatever is they say is right,
And so, of course, that coat of his

And also how it had been lost,
And what its owner must have said
When first she missed it from her head.
These were about the thoughts I find,
That took possession of my mind.
Undoubtedly its cost was small,
Not more than fifty cents in all,
But fifty cents does not, you know,
On every bush spontaneous grow,
Until a thing of use is lost
We think but little of its cost;
I may not do it very well
Yet I will undertake to tell,
Just how methinks while out from home,
This lady lost her rubber comb.
She and her lover took a walk
That they might have a friendly talk,
And when they reached this lonely spot
He strict propriety forgot.
Thought he, I cannot bear to miss
So good a chance to steal a kiss,
And as he was a man of tact
He fixed his lips and then he smacked.
Not being in a kissing mood,
Nor wishing that way to be wooed,
As quick as thought her head she tossed
And thus it was the comb was lost.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

X
I was born in York State,
August thirty-two,
Father was the first man
That I ever knew.

Mother was a woman
Lovely and refined,
Somewhat like an angel
Gentle, good, and kind.

I was born of parents
Who were poor indeed,
So I made another
For to clothe and feed.

Still they struggled onward,
Did the best they could,
Working for a living—
Everybody should.

When I was a stripling
I set out to work,

Not seen him since he was a lad,
And thus his oddities are seen
In church, as well as on the green.
His tastes are quite peculiar, too,
With tastes like his there are but few,
He'd kiss a colored girl as soon,
We do believe, as any one.
A man of fame he'd rather see
Than visit a menagerie
Or any place that is unchaste,
So curious is Simon's taste,
Of *principle* he is a man,
To do a wrong he never can,
It is believe he'd rather die
Than wish to represent a lie.
As honest as the day is long,
The weak he'll aid as well as strong ;
When troubles smite his brother man
He will assist him if he can ;
And thus his life is being spent
In acts and deeds benevolent,
Although as odd as Dixie's hat
He is a *man* for all of that.

LINES TO MAUD.

I'll write you, dear Maud,
A poem and tell
How long I have loved
And also how well,
Unless I have help
From angels above,
I never can tell
How truly I love.

My earnest desire
Is now that they may
Impart to my mind
Just what I would say,
In language most clear,
Majestic, sublime,
And handsomely couched
In beautiful rhyme.

Some years have I loved,
Will even aver
I loved you quite well
When children we were,
I called you my pet
When you were but ten,

I have gazed with wonder
 Into canyons deep
Where the waters tumble,
 Dash, and foam, and leap.

I have seen the ocean,
 Plowed the raging main,
Never saw I Scotland,
 England, France, or Spain.

I have seen Lake Erie
 When the waves dashed high,
Other men have seen it
 Too as well as I.

Once I have ascended
 Sacramento's tide,
Where the sands are golden
 'Neath the surface wide.

There's the great Columbia
 In the distant West,
I have slumbered sweetly
 On her peaceful breast

I have dug for gold-dust,
Shoveled night and day,
But I will acknowledge
That it didn't pay.

I have bathed with pleasure
Where the waters take
For their appellation
That of Great Salt Lake.

I've seen the broad Atlantic,
Heard her sullen roar,
As her waves gigantic
Break upon the shore.

I was at the World's Fair,
Eighteen ninety-three,
Men were there from York State,
Some from Tennessee.

Yet in all my rambles
Over regions wide,
I can say with candor,
I'm not satisfied.

Lines to Maud.

A hand disengaged
A heart that is true,
Is what I desire,
My darling, from you.

So now let me ask
A question of thee,
Wilt thou, dearest Maud,
My loving wife be?
For here I must say
With emphasis strong,
Without you, 'tis plain,
I can't get along.

In greatest suspense
I'll patiently wait,
To learn from your pen
My absolute fate;
And should you see fit
To grant my request,
No mortal could be
More happily blest.

MAUD'S ANSWER.

X
I scarcely can tell
In poetry true,
Just what I *should* say
In answer to you.
I do not believe
The angels above,
Have much here to do
In matters of love.

Be this as it may,
Your words, if sincere,
Your feelings express
Most vivid and clear;
Your poetry, Jack,
Depend upon it,
Is right to the point
I'll have to admit.

When I was a child
And aged but ten,
You loved me right well
You say, even then;
O yes, I believe
You tell me the truth,

In saying you loved
Me when but a youth.

You flattered me some
By calling me pet,
A name, I am sure,
I ne'er shall forget,
The *name* I declare
Was sweet to my ear,
But one I must say
I nevermore hear.

We talked when we roamed,
We laughed when we played,
We saw every move
That each other made,
And some of the words
That dropped from your tongue
I could not forget,
If doomed to be hung.

The birds and the flowers,
Without them, you know,
We never would have
Enjoyed ourselves so,
And there was the gay,

Bright butterfly, too,
I well recollect
We oft would pursue.

And then as you say,
A while we would rest,
For sometimes we would
With heat be oppressed,
Perhaps for that day,
No more would we roam,
But take up our march
Across the fields home.

The hours that we spent
On top of the hill,
Quite frequently haunt
My memory still;
The flowers that we picked
By each other's side,
Long since to be sure
Have withered and died.

But not so the love
Contained in your heart,
It seems to be fresh
As 'twas in the start,

The *love* that you have
No doubt is sincere,
Or 'twould not have stood
A test so severe.

You ask me to be
Your loving wife, sir,
And so I conclude
'Tis me you prefer,
To all other girls
On land or on sea,
Your other half, Jack,
In future to be.

I'll answer you, sir,
As any girl should,
In words that cannot
Be misunderstood,
And now you shall have
My answer in black;
O yes, I will be
Your loving wife, Jack.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Trying was that hour of parting
With thee sister from our home,
Conscious that thou wast then starting
Sick and feeble for to roam.

To restore thy form to vigor
We could sighing part with thee,
Not aware that death's cold rigor
Soon would set thy spirit free.

Vision cannot now behold thee
Anywhere I turn the face,
With the dead we have enrolled thee
Since on earth thou'st run thy race.

Far from home and all its pleasure
Angels bid thy spirit rise,
Gently bearing off the treasure
As a trophy to the skies.

Called away from friends and neighbors
Thou hast sunk into the tomb,
To depart from all thy labors
Thou wast called in life's full bloom.

Sad and lonely thou hast left us
Here to linger much distressed,
But the hand that hath bereft us
Doeth all things for the best.

So we will not now deplore thee,
Dweller of that spirit land,
Millions have gone on before thee
Great indeed must be the band.

But we are in hopes to meet thee
On that bright ethereal shore,
Where with pleasure we may greet thee
As we used to heretofore.

The above lines were written upon hearing of the death of Miss Aurelia Cowles, who went from one of the Western States to Ohio for her health while in a feeble condition, and died in a short time after reaching the end of her journey. Her age was twenty, her disease consumption, I believe.

AGRICULTURE.

X
Who would not be ^a farmer
To cultivate the soil,
And earn an honest living
By necessary toil?
It is to man a credit
To raise his daily bread,
As well as other products
On which the world is fed.

To plow and drill and harrow,
To cultivate and hoe,
There's naught that is ignoble
About the work I know;
It gives us health and vigor,
A constitution strong,
Which are so necessary
To an existance long.

It is an occupation
That is to be desired,
For wealth and independence
By it can be acquired;

To gain the end in question
Industrious we must be,
Then practice in connection
A strict economy.

Among all occupations
We really cannot find,
One of so much importance,
So useful to mankind;
In fact it is the lever
That moves the whole concern,
It sets the wheel in motion
And causes it to turn.

O yes, I'd be a farmer,
Likewise a granger, too,
And get an honest living
As all good people do;
So when this world is fading
Forever from my view,
I can with satisfaction
Bid it and all adieu.

THE RUBBER COMB.

The following lines were written on finding a rubber comb :

As I was riding out one day,
Not very far from home away,
I saw before me in the track,
A something that in hue was black,
I saw, as I just now have said,
A something in the road ahead,
On grasping it I now was bent
And stopped my team with that intent.
To guess a week I'm satisfied
You could not tell what I espied;
It was a thing of beauty rare,
Intended for the shining hair,
And nothing but a rubber comb
Some girl had lost, while out from home.
I picked it up right then and there,
I handled it with greatest care,
I viewed it o'er and o'er again,
Likewise the spot where it had lain;
I pressed it to my heart and said,
Its place is on some fair one's head,
Instead of on the cold, damp ground,
Where it by me had just been found.
I pondered then upon its cost,

And also how it had been lost,
And what its owner must have said
When first she missed it from her head.
These were about the thoughts I find,
That took possession of my mind.
Undoubtedly its cost was small,
Not more than fifty cents in all,
But fifty cents does not, you know,
On every bush spontaneous grow,
Until a thing of use is lost
We think but little of its cost;
I may not do it very well
Yet I will undertake to tell,
Just how methinks while out from home,
This lady lost her rubber comb.
She and her lover took a walk
That they might have a friendly talk,
And when they reached this lonely spot
He strict propriety forgot.
Thought he, I cannot bear to miss
So good a chance to steal a kiss,
And as he was a man of tact
He fixed his lips and then he smacked.
Not being in a kissing mood,
Nor wishing that way to be wooed,
As quick as thought her head she tossed
And thus it was the comb was lost.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

I was born in York State,
August thirty-two,
Father was the first man
That I ever knew.

Mother was a woman
Lovely and refined,
Somewhat like an angel
Gentle, good, and kind.

I was born of parents
Who were poor indeed,
So I made another
For to clothe and feed.

Still they struggled onward,
Did the best they could,
Working for a living—
Everybody should.

When I was a stripling
I set out to work,

Toiling like a beaver
Not disposed to shirk.

But in time I wearied,
Tired of toiling so,
Thought I would do something
Pleasanter, you know.

So I thought I'd travel,
Bid my home adieu
And toward the sunset
Struck for regions new.

Then I crossed the river—
Jordan I've not seen,
But the Mississippi
Is the one I mean.

I have roamed the prairie,
Angels by my side—
When it seemed as boundless
As the ocean wide.

I have met the red man,
Met him face to face,
But alone I let him
In each spot and place.

I have climbed the mountain,
Wandered o'er the plain,
Camped among the sagebrush
Time and time again.

I have chased wild the deer,
Chased the antelope,
Through a region trackless
Down the mountain slope.

I have viewed with pleasure
From some rocky cliff,
Peaks as full of grandeur
As old Tenneriffe.

I have seen quite often
With my eager eyes,
Hood's majestic summit
Loom against the skies.

I have seen Mount Shasta
Laden well with snow,
But it was, I reckon,
Twenty years ago.

I have gazed with wonder
 Into canyons deep
Where the waters tumble,
 Dash, and foam, and leap.

I have seen the ocean,
 Plowed the raging main,
Never saw I Scotland,
 England, France, or Spain.

I have seen Lake Erie
 When the waves dashed high,
Other men have seen it
 Too as well as I.

Once I have ascended
 Sacramento's tide,
Where the sands are golden
 'Neath the surface wide.

There 's the great Columbia
 In the distant West,
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I have dug for gold-dust,
Shoveled night and day,
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That it didn't pay.

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Where the waters take
For their appellation
That of Great Salt Lake.

I've seen the broad Atlantic,
Heard her sullen roar,
As her waves gigantic
Break upon the shore.

I was at the World's Fair,
Eighteen ninety-three,
Men were there from York State,
Some from Tennessee.

Yet in all my rambles
Over regions wide,
I can say with candor,
I'm not satisfied.

AUTOGRAPH.

My autograph, I reckon,
You want in black and white,
But I can think of nothing
Of interest to write.
So let me kindly ask you,
Before these lines I end,
To note this in your day-book,
That *I remain your friend.*

**INSPIRATION.**

“The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,”
And lifts us up until we gain
A passport to a higher plane.

THE WEDDING.

Harry Stone was here to-day
With his darling Nellie Gray,
Standing up they married were,
She to him and he to her.
When the ceremony was
In accordance with the laws
Well performed by Uncle Ned,
Harry kissed his bride and said,
“As I’m yours and you are mine,
If we’d make our lives sublime,
We should kind and pleasant be,
I to you and you to me.”
Then she said to Harry Stone,
Speaking in an undertone,
“Treat me well and I’ll be yours
Just as long as life endures ;
Like the angels up above
We should live in peace and love,
If we both would happy be.”
Then he paid his marriage fee,
Took a step toward the door,
Turned and kissed his bride once more.
Locking arms they sought the street,
Hastening down, the train to meet,

As it then came dashing on,
Boarding it they soon were gone,
And before the sun was down
Were some distance out of town.
This is all we must admit,
That there is or was of it.



AUTOGRAPH.

I'm bound to write something original,
If there's no sense at all in it,
I guess there will be but a little,
And you will say so in a minute.

"THE BETTER LAND."

There is a land, we know right well,
Beyond this realm where angels dwell.
It is a land of joy and bliss,
And is the counterpart of this,
Its streets may not be paved with gold
As we have been so often told;
And yet we are inclined to say
That all things there are bright and gay,
Sweet flowers abound on every side,
Extending o'er areas wide;
And rivers, absolutely grand
Majestic flow throughout that land.
There's oceans too that ebb and flow
Just like the ones we have below;
And all around is to be seen
Luxuriant foliage and green,
Suspended from the trees that stand
As proud, magnificent, and grand,
As any that we here behold
Deep rooted in an earthly mold.
There's verdant vales, and mountains too,
That "Lend enchantment to the view,"
And makes one feel as if he would
Gaze on them ever if he could.

Such loveliness and beauty rare
Is to be met with everywhere;
No wonder then the angel band
Consider *that* the "Better Land,"
From *this* 'tis separated by
A haze so thin the human eye,
Can almost pierce it through and through
And take of that fair land a view.
And yet there are but few, you know,
Compared with all that dwell below,
That do believe, or ever can,
A fact so strange to mortal man.



AUTOGRAPHS.

About their authenticity—
These lines are mine and don't you doubt it,
I write them here as they appear
And that is all there is about it.

Variety, variety,
Who does not love variety?
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
All love variety, I'm sure.

THE TRAMP.

For the last few hours I've been knocking about
Till I'm tired and sleepy and nearly worn out.
I'm really a tramp, as most people know,
Yet somewhat unwilling to be reckoned so,
I'm ragged and dirty and saucy to boot,
And really considered a miserable coot.
Yet have I affection both sincere and true,
A heart that is tender as any of you;
But *fate* has been cruel as cruel could be
In all of her antics while dealing with me.
Some talents had I, as a matter of course,
But was not possessed of one bit of force,
And so I grew up as some people do
Without understanding what course to pursue.
At first I concluded a *trade* I would learn
That by it I might a livelihood earn,
But soon to my sorrow I found it required
Some labor which made me most shockingly tried,
And so I concluded it never would do
To work at a business so hard to pursue.
I frankly admit that *work* I despised
As the facts in the case should not be disguised,
Accordingly then I threw up my trade
And thought I would *write* for the *Tribune* or *Blade*,

But somehow or other my articles were
A little too prosy to be popular.
And I found very soon to my grief and dismay,
'That writing for others to read didn't pay,
For soon, very soon, I had not a dime
And so was compelled to go it on time.
But that as a matter of consequence could
Not last very long, and my credit keep good,
But when it played out I found that I had
No resource by which to keep myself clad,
And what to do next I scarcely could tell,
Although I was muscular, hearty, and well.
But as time rolled along I happened to think
There might be more money in *wind* than *ink*;
I knew very well I could whistle and sing
But to *preach* and *succeed* was a different thing,
For a good gift of *gab* is always required
In preaching the gospel unless one's inspired.
To preach I resolved, and at it I went,
My breath for a season most freely I spent,
But alas, not a *soul* did my preaching convert
Though strange it may seem, the truth I assert.
On preaching awhile the hat was sent 'round
To take a collection, and in it I found
A nickle as shining and bright as you please
That someone had given, his conscience to ease;
'Twas enough to provoke, or I thought so at leaset,

A saint or a sinner, a devil or priest;
But when I reflected and thought the thing o'er
My anger subsided to rile me no more,
I thought of my nickle, it filled me with mirth,
And I owned that 'twas all that my preaching was
worth.

The facts in the case were substantially these,
No more could I preach in the absence of fees;
My breeches were old and very much worn,
My coat and my vest were ragged and torn;
My hat was more "holy" than righteous by far,
No hat was more "holy" in all of Lamar;
My socks had begun to give out at the toes,
And 'twas plain I must have a new suit of clothes,
But how to obtain them could any one tell,
Since preaching had not turned out very well?
But I soon found the means to purchase and pay
For a good suit of clothes in a different way;
Just how it was done I'll not tell you now
For it matters but little to any one how.
When tastily robed from my head to my feet
I concluded I would from my old haunts retreat,
So I stepped on the train and it bore me away
To the far distant West where the wild waters play,
O'er the gravel and sand, mixed with golddust so fine
To mingle at last with an ocean of brine.
A stranger was I in the land I had sought

But I soon found friends, or at least so I thought.
For a while I was at a great loss what to do
In a region so strange, so rugged and new,
But the matter I soon decided, and then
I used in connection my tongue and my pen;
The one I would wag through the livelong day
And the other at night would my dictates obey.
'Twas *office* that I was seeking for then
That busied so much my tongue and my pen;
'Twas *office* I wanted, 'twas *office* I sought,
It occupied all of my time and my thought;
And even when sleep my eyelids would close
And all of my senses seemed hushed in repose.
'Twas then that the subject would haunt me in dreams
And worry me more than all other themes.
But when the election was over and past
And all of the votes for candidates cast,
Were counted and strung, 'twas then ascertained
That nothing for me in the ballot was gained.
Chagrined as I was at my signal defeat
My only alternative was to retreat,
To some distant region where I was unknown,
For in this connection I candidly own
My credit was almost entirely played out
I'd treated my patrons so much all about,
My bills had become so large, by the way,
That I had not the means or the wherewith to pay.

Defeated and somewhat despised as I was
And not understanding exactly the cause,
I shook, as it were, from my garments the dust
And then from all business retired in disgust.
Since then I've become what the world calls a tramp
And not only this but a miserable scamp.



MY LITTLE MAID.

I've hugged her good, I have indeed,
A hundred times or more,
Have kissed her time and time again
Until my lips were sore.

I've pressed her to my throbbing heart
And held her there until
She would consent no longer to
Be governed by my will.

I've kissed her on the brow so fair,
As well as cheek and chin,
My lips to her's I oft have pressed
And thought it was ~~a~~ ^{no} sin.

I've tried in almost every way
To make her comprehend
How near and dear she is to me
And that I am her friend.

I have exhausted every means
Within my power to win
Her confidence, and make her know
How faithful I have been.

But still she eyes me with distrust
And pulls out all my hair,
To be thus used by baby dear
Is more than I can bear.



LOVE.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,"
Is what I heard a stranger say
One evening at a New Year's ball.

Perhaps he might have been sincere
An thought that what he said was true,

But be this matter as it may,
I entertain a different view.

The heart that has sincerely loved,
Must be o'erwhelmed with grief and pain
When fully made to realize,
That it has loved, and loved in vain.

There is no balm in Gillead
That hath sufficient power to heal,
The heart that once has loved and lost
The object of its misspent zeal.

The heart that has been thus depressed
Will never more, it seems to me,
Rejoice again as hearts rejoice
That have been from love-sickness free.

But *this* I'm willing to admit,
And have it written on the wall,
'Tis better to have loved and *won*
Than never to have loved at all.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

'Twas Christmas day and all around
The snow lay deep upon the ground,
And everywhere outside the door
Cold winter reigned as oft before,
And as the snow was shining bright
Emitting an effulgent light,
The snow-birds gay, so blithe and free,
Were having quite a jubilee;
Above the snow, so pure and white,
They'd circle 'round and then alight,
And then again upon the wing
They'd fairly make the welkin ring;
Just then a child was heard to say,
"I wish I were a snow-bird gay,
To fly about from place to place
Without a nurse to wash my face."
For to the child it seemed that they
Enjoyed themselves that Christmas day,
Although the sun completely failed
To give out warmth, and frost prevailed,
And everything that could be seen
Was clothed in white instead of green.
And yet these birds, it seemed to me,
Were happy as they well could be,
Although they had no shelter to

Protect them from the sun and dew,
Or from the storm whose surly blast,
Like demons wild, goes rushing past;
They have no clothes to keep them warm
Or shield them from the angry storm,
No parents dear to teach them why
They should not cheat or tell a lie;
They have no home where they may go
And be secure from ice and snow,
When they are tired and sleepy too
No one have they that's kind and true,
To put them in their downy bed
And kiss them ere good night is said.
No one have they to tuck them up
Or give them catnip tea to sup,
Or see their bed-room door is closed
When they are slightly indisposed,
As had this discontented child
Who wished herself a snow-bird wild.
They have no one to give them toys
As do our little girls and boys,
They cannot read, they cannot write,
They know not how to be polite,
They could not make a genteel bow
Were they to try, they know not how,
They cannot play at hide and seek
Nor twist their little tongues to speak.

And now about the snow-birds fare,
 His food he picks up here and there.
 About his bed *one* thing we know
 And that it is a bed of snow,
 He has no fire to warm his toes
 When they are cold and almost froze,
 'Tis evident he must be tough
 Or he would die, he fares so rough;
 No child could stand the wear and tear
 Of such a hard unwelcome fare;
 His fare is *hard*, we must admit,
 But he is suited well for it,
 And in the snow up to his knees
 He thrives where other birds would freeze.
 The snow-bird's lot we have portrayed
 A true delineation made,
 Of how he lives and how he fares
 And how he suffers unawares.
 Now, child of earth we'd ask of thee
 In candor which thou'dst rather be,
 A snow-bird gay, so blithe of heart,
 Or be exactly what thou art,
 And now methinks I hear you say
 "*I would not be a snow-bird gay,*
 If I could just as well as not,
 So very hard must be his lot."

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Most vividly do I remember
The day that I married a Crow,
It was in the month of December
A dozen or more years ago.

No feathers had she to adorn her
Of these she had really no use,
But stuck in her hat near one corner,
Was one that was plucked from a goose.

'Twas laughable quite to behold her
She made such a comical show,
The plume of a goose as I told her
Was ne'er before seen on a Crow.

She had to admit that 'twas funny,
That strange things would sometimes
occur,
And asked me to call her my honey
And live in the future for her.

To such a request I consented
Nor was it a hard thing to do,
Since then I've been very contented
And so has my darling pet, too.

Of course she is generally near me
But never have yet heard her croak,
And when I am sad she will cheer me
With sentiments tenderly spoke.

We live and take comfort together
As through the world's labyrinth we
wind,
It matters not what is the weather
She's pleasant and cheerful and kind.

And so I have never regretted
That step which I took years ago,
Although at the time somewhat fretted
To think I had married a Crow.

LIFE.

Strange it is and somewhat queer
Some should say and be sincere,
Life is but a fitful dream
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is *real*," that is plain
To a mind that's not insane,
And is likewise "*earnest*" too
Judging from the work we do.

'Tis o'ertasked with urgent toil
Cultivating mind or soil,
Cutting diamond, stone, or wood,
All for one another's good.

Life of death is the reverse,
And a *blessing* or a curse
It is very sure to be,
Yet a stern reality.

'Tis a blessing when we know
That our conduct here below,
Is exactly what it should
Have been, to be reckoned good.

Passing through a world like this
If we chance to go amiss,
Then existance is a curse
Or of pleasure the reverse.

'Tis mixed up with joy and grief,
Let it be however brief,
For the man while yet a boy
Had his grief as well as joy.

True it is that troubles fall
To the lot of each and all,
"Something always is to pay"
As we journey on our way.

Life is subject oft to ills,
Sickness comes and sometimes kills,
'Tis not easy to avoid
Being sometimes thus annoyed.

Pain and misery and woe
Frequently will come and go,
Each is necessary sure
Though not pleasant to endure.

But we think upon the whole
That the grave is *not* its goal,
That beyond there is a sphere
Brighter still than this one here.



DEATH.

Death is abroad in all the land,
He's manifest on every hand,
We see him here as well as there,
In fact behold him everywhere.
The high, the low, the rich, the poor
Must all, alas, his pangs endure,
No one escapes however great,
For death will enter at his gate
And take him from his home away
Despite his wishes for to stay.
No power on earth can stay his hand
When earnest once in his demand;
We little know what hour he may
Appear to one of us and say;
"I have a summons here for thee,
Arise and come along with me."
The old he takes as on they go

With tottering steps, infirm and slow,
The young, or those of tender age,
Alike are victims of his rage.
He'll make us each, you may depend
A visit that will mark our end,
That is to say our sojourn here,
On what is called the mundane sphere.
There's some of us, we must admit,
Would not be pleased to welcome it.
E'en in the thought there's something that
The most of us would shudder at,
And so we say that thousands would
Avoid the visit if they could.
Not even one among us all
Will be exempt from nature's call.
Yet, after all how very strange,
That death should only be a change,
A change that comes upon us here
And one we have no need to fear.
For just as sure as there's a sun
That disappears when day is done
To rise again o'er land and wave
There is a life beyond the grave.

TO THE OPPRESSED OF THE OTHER LANDS.

For years you have been flocking—
 Been flocking to our shores,
And still we hear you knocking
 For entrance at our doors,
When forced by vile oppression
 To leave your country dear,
'Tis surely no transgression
 To come and settle here.

While there is room for others
 To come here and abide,
We'll hail you as our brothers
 And welcome you beside,
With welcomes the most hearty
 While landing on our shores,
Where genius like an eagle
 In triumph proudly soars.

By casting a reflection
 Back on our ancestors,
We trace a close connection
 Between your blood and ours;
For we are sons and daughters
 Of men that once did roam,

To the Oppressed of the Other Lands

Who crossed the raging waters
To set up here a home.

The tide of immigration,
It has been truly said,
Can ne'er unbind our nation
But strengthen it instead,
For 'neath our spangled banner
Not many aliens dwell,
But in some shape or manner,
Can serve the country well.

This is the land of learning—
Of science and the arts,
Where thousands are sojourning
With true and noble hearts;
It is the land of freedom
Not quite a paradise,
O no, 'tis not an Eden
And yet we think it nice.

Why not come here and settle
So long as there is room,
And show us by your mettle
Oppression's not your doom;
The country is extensive
In price there's nothing steep,
E'en *land* is not expensive
But very, very cheap.

AN ADDRESS TO AMERICA.

The following poem was written during the darkest hour of the rebellion.

America, America,
Allow our lips to part,
And we will speak a friendly word
Unto thy bleeding heart,
For well we know the agony
And wails of deep despair,
And sighs and groans and anguish too,
That now abideth there.

America, America,
Thou wast a happy land
When all thy children North and South,
Composed a single band,
O then was life a blessing sweet
To people great and small,
For love and joy and peace so calm
Were meted out to all.

America, America,
Thou wast a brilliant star
And didst diffuse thy light abroad,
Until it reached afar;
And what was the result, we ask,
Of all this light of thine,
Let foreign powers the answer give
For we ourselves decline.

America, America,
Thy light, alas! has flown
And when it will return again
Is certainly unknown;
Perhaps long years will come and go
And go and come again,
Before thy light, as of yore,
Will reach beyond the main.

America, America,
O, when will carnage cease
Within thy realm and all again
Be comfort, joy and peace?
Will ever man to brother man
Be just in every cause,
And when invested with the power
Make equitable laws?

America, America,
We still have hope for thee
For in our inmost soul we feel
That thou wilt soon be free,
Yes, free indeed from deadly strife,
And also slavery's chains,
Which long have bound poor Africa's sons,
Within thy broad domains.



HARD TO DO.

Every man, and woman too,
Has a mission to fulfill,
Which is somewhat hard to do
When performed against the will.



I will think your head is "level"
When you say there is no devil.

THE BUFFALO.

The buffalo, that noble brute,
Of him but few remain,
By tens of thousands once he roamed
Upon our Western plain.

'Tis evident that he is doomed,
For fast he disappears,
And will no doubt become extinct
Within a few short years.

His bones lie scattered here and there,
Throughout a vast extent,
And with the soil undoubtedly
Are destined to be blent,

The slaughter, indiscriminate,
That on him has been made,
Must needs subdue a fiercer beast
And lay him in the shade.

And who is there responsible
For what we should detest,
Is it the red man or the white,
On which the blame should rest ?

Let echo answer as it may,
'Twill tell the truth no doubt,
For in a case so very plain
Important facts will out.



THE REDMAN.

Ah, where is the native that dwelt here of yore !
He's vanished before us to dwell here no more,
His lands have passed into the hands of the whites,
Who coolly deprived him of all of his rights.

As the white man advances he flees in dismay,
Like the trees of the forest he passes away,
O'er the graves of his fathers he drops not a tear,
Although to his heart their memory dear.

No longer the smoke from the valley ascends
To note the wild home of the hunter and friends,
The ashes grew cold on his natural hearth
And a long time ago washed away in the earth.

The warwhoop is silent, the native has fled
To the far distant West, or the hills of the dead,

The nerve and the steel of the white man, they say,
Were the forces employed that hath swept him away.

These regions so lovely will know him no more,
With different races they're all peopled o'er.
How changed is the scene, the contrast how great,
From what it was once in its barbarous state.

Magnificent homes embellished in white,
That everywhere greet with pleasure the sight,
The cities and towns of a different nation
Denote the advances of civilization.

The whistle so shrill of the old iron horse,
The telegraph, too, invented by Morse,
As well as the grand electrical light,
All indicate that he has taken his flight.

That athletic form that wended its way
Through forests so dense in quest of his prey,
Has now disappeared, and a nobler race,
Of a different type, has taken his place.

'Tis plain to be seen that his downfall is great,
Yet we ought not to mourn o'er his tragical fate,
For it must be apparent to child or adult
That grand and important has been the result.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

The old oak tree, aye there it stands,
It was not reared by human hands,
But formed and grew until, you see,
It has become a mighty tree.
At first it was an acorn small
Not larger than a tiny ball,
And hung upon a tree-top high,
Not very far beneath the sky.
It was exposed to every breeze
That swayed the branches of the trees,
Until it could no longer stay,
And so it lost its hold one day
And tumbled to the ground below
Where it was buried deep in snow.
To be protected from the cold
It settled down into the mold,
And there remained until the sun
Made snow and ice and sap to run ;
When from its lethargy it woke,
'Twas destined then to be an oak.
The truth is this, though strange to tell,
The warmth and moisture made it swell
Until at length its shell was broke

When it became a living oak.
To grow two leaves did now begin,
And lonely quite they must have been,
Until another tiny pair
Had joined the ones already there.
Another pair was added then,
And soon they numbered eight or ten,
A dozen then, and on and on
The work did go, and then anon,
The number swelled, and now behold
They have increased a thousand fold,
And by its foliage a shade
The most delightful oft is made.
It is a fact we can't deny,
Nor can we tell the reason why—
Its trunk shot upward toward the skies,
Increasing every year in size,
'Twould puzzle even the most learned,
Or anybody else concerned.
To tell us why an acorn small
Should make a tree so grand and tall ;
Yet there it stands, incased in bark,
A mystery so deep, so dark,
That it can never, never be
Unraveled while it is a tree.

A WARNING.

She's pretty as a pink,
A daffodil or daisy,
But the people seem to think
She's a lay-a-bed and lazy.
Young men I'm not in fun,
But write you as a warning,
The girl to shun is one
That snoozes in the morning.



A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

To-day is dark and gloomy,
The sky is overcast,
And from the vault above us
The snow is falling fast.

'Tis caught while on its passage
To earth from yonder skies,

A Blessing in Disguise.

By winds that hurl it fiercely
Into our face and eyes.

There is an ancient proverb,
Of interest to the poor,
That *snow*, a fertilizer,
Is the poor man's manure.

Then *snow* must be a blessing,
A blessing in disguise,
So let it fall upon us
From out the dismal skies.

For 'tis not very often
A blessing for the poor,
Descends from heaven upon them
In form of a manure.

Oh, no ; we would not stop it,
We would not if we could,
But it is my opinion
We could not if we would.

A TRUE HERO.

The hero of my humble verse
I'll tell you all about,
He is a man that would not curse
Though troubled with the gout.

He is a gentleman, "you bet,"
If ever there was one,
Nor was he ever known to fret
O'er matters left undone.

He is the man to win our praise
And admiration too,
The debts he owes he always pays
Whenever they are due.

A neighbor that is kind and good
Although he may be poor,
He'd help that neighbor if he could,
He'd do so, I am sure.

When e'er he talks he tells the truth,
On this you may depend,
Although he has emerged from youth
He ne'er forgets a friend.

Day after day he holds the plow,
From labor ne'er retreats;

And thus he earns by sweat of brow,
The bread he daily eats.

He drinks but very little beer,
But sometimes treats his friends ;
His own canoe he tries to steer
As through the world he wends.

He is a man of noble mien
And six feet high at least,
Erect his form, his eye is keen,
He fears not man or beast.

Upon the whole he is a man
By nature well endowed,
And so, of course, you never can
Mistake him in a crowd.

You'd know him by that greeting warm
He has for one and all,
As well as by that noble form
So stately and so tall.

His name I will not mention here,
Not knowing how, he'd feel,
Exceptions he might take I fear,
Should I his name reveal.

STOCK FEEDING.

If you would have your stock outshine
Your neighbor's o'er the way,
By being large and fat and fine,
Take heed to what I say.

In dealing out your feed to stock
Without first being cooked,
A losing game it is, at least,
To me it long has looked.

But still the practice doth prevail,
'Tis strange but still 'tis true,
All I suppose for want of proof
Upon the point in view.

Now, "to the wise one word's enough,"
An adage old, 'tis said,
Mark well for on two-thirds the feed
Your stock may all be fed.

To do the thing I'll tell you how,
'Tis easy quite and plain,
Just take a peep in Hardware Row
A steamer there obtain.

And Prindle's is by far the best
Of any yet invented,
'Twill do the work, and really is
Just what 'tis represented.

When you with one have been supplied
Just place it near your well,
And by its use you soon will find
That on your stock 'twill tell.

Upon the subject do but read
And then I'd have you talk,
When doubtless you will all decide
To cook your feed for stock.



FATE.

My *fate* has got the mastery
Of me, I just begin to see,
But ere it is too late, too late,
I'll be the master of my fate.

THE OLD MAID'S CONFESSION.

Forty years ago to-day
I was young and blithe and gay,
And was what the world would call
Beautiful and fair withal.
The result was, heaven knows,
I had lots and lots of beaux.
Some of them were men of worth,
Some could boast of noble birth,
Others were the kind of men,
Who with skill could wield the pen;
Some respectable but poor,
With life's trials to endure,
Some again were dudes, of course,
Wholly destitute of force,
But I flirted with them all
At the theater and ball.
Then I was a reigning belle
And enjoyed it very well,
I was, everywhere I went,
Flattered to my heart's content,
But a vacant place to fill
Was there in my bosom still,
One that flattery could not

Fill exactly to a dot.
There was *one* thing that I craved,
And would willingly have braved
Every obstacle could I
Have but gained it by and by.
'Twas the *love* of some brave youth
Who could say and tell the truth,
"With a heart that is sincere
I devoutly love you, dear."
Love was what my soul required,
What my longing heart desired,
What it really seemed to me
Was a pure necessity.
But that youth I never met,
So I failed that love to get,
And I am a maid to-day,
Wrinkled, old, and somewhat gray,
Destitute of all that could
Make me happy, or that would,
Cheer me up or make me glad,
When I'm sorrowful and sad.
Not a child in nature's realms—
E'en the thought my heart o'erwhelms
With a grief I can't o'erthrow,
'Tis so near akin to woe.
But perhaps to blame I was,
Flirting, doubtless is the cause;

Very few would want a wife
That had flirted all her life.
Growing older day by day,
I am speeding on my way
With no partner by my side
To protect me or to guide.
Like a comet in the sky
Lonely and forlorn am I,
Thus it is I'm being hurled
Through this ever-changing world;
But there soon will be an end
To my journey. Fair young friend,
So let my experience be
A good lesson unto thee.



AUTOGRAPH.

The footprints on the ocean's strand
May disappear in haste,
But from my heart, thy name can not
So quickly be erased.

OLD ABE LINCOLN.

The following lines, purporting to be addressed to Abraham Lincoln, were written in October, 1864, just before his second election to the Presidency :

Old Abe Lincoln, great thou art—
Here's our hand as well as heart,
No exertions will we spare
To retain thee in that chair,
For we *know* that thou art true
To the red, the white, and blue.

Old Abe Lincoln thou hast won
Laurels since this war begun,
Laurels that will e'er be thine
Till the latest flight of time,
For we know no other now
That has truer been than thou.

Old Abe Lincoln, once again
We desire to see thee reign
Not as king or emperor,
'Tis not this we want you for,
But to guide the ship of state
Safely with its crushing weight.

Old Abe Lincoln, heaven knows,
In our midst are bitter foes,
Who will do all in their power
To defeat thee in that hour
When our country needs thee most
To defeat the rebel host.

Old Abe Lincoln, thus to save
This old Union from its grave,
We will make thee Chief once more,
Easier than we did before,—
Do it in a manner fine
For our country's friends are thine.



AUTOGRAPH.

I write not for money,
I write not for fame,
But for no other purpose
Than to sign *here* my name.

MY GIRL.

If you'll take a stroll with me
To yon cottage by the sea,
I will introduce you there
To a maiden that is fair;
One in whom I long have been
Deeply interested in.
Wavy is her golden hair
Dangling o'er her shoulders bare,
Falling to the waist beneath,
Lovely as a flowery wreath.
'Tis in fact a head of hair
That can not but well compare
With the finest in the land,
I would have you understand.
She is noble and refined,
True, affectionate and kind,
Gentle as the zephyrs are
That go floating here and there.
These are attributes that she
Merits in a high degree.
Now, about her form a word,
Knowing well I have not erred
When I say it is complete

From the shoulders to the feet;
Matchless as the one that Eve
In the Garden did receive;
Not too plump, nor yet too slim,
Ankles delicate and trim,
Not too short nor yet too tall,
Not too large nor yet too small,
With a foot that calls for fours,
Just the size that man adores.
Thus her form I have portrayed
And when properly arrayed
In a garb that fits her neat
I can not but call her sweet.
Next her features, I believe,
Some attention should receive,
For if you indeed were blind
In them you would beauty find.
Cheeks with tints just like a rose,
Borrowed from it I suppose,
Brow as delicate and fair
As the waterlilies are.
'Neath her lashes, eyes of blue,
Glisten like the morning dew,
Lips of coral, teeth of pearl,
This describes in full my girl.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

“When a man does get married
His pleasures are small,
He’s just like a dog
With no tail at all.”
For something is lacking,
He hardly knows what,
That makes him dissatisfied
Quite with his lot.

And what there is lacking
Is *courage* to win
The battle of life
That now must begin;
’Twill tax *all* his strength
And energy too,
If ever he wriggles
And twists his way through.

"WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?"

"What is home without a mother?"

Let a little orphan tell,
For he knows there is no other
Who can fill the place so well.

When she was the one to sicken
And to leave us did prepare,
Then it was my heart was stricken
With a grief it could not bear.

Mother died and went to heaven
There to dwell forevermore.
That was when I was but seven,
Little sister only four.

When she died we were the only—
Only household pets she had,
Dying then she left us lonely
Yes, and very, very sad.

What can make one feel like crying
More than from a friend to part?
What is there that is more trying
To a truly loving heart?

Oh, dear me! how I have missed her
Since that dark and dismal day,
When myself and little sister
Saw our mother pass away.

Father married soon another,
In accordance with the rule,
But we could not call her mother
When she treated us so cool.

Home to us has no attraction,
Not a single word of cheer,
When she says in every action
That we have no business here.

Home is now of course a dreary
And unwelcome place to me,
Nothing now to make it cheery,
Cheery as it used to be.

Home we say without a mother
Is much like a prison cell,
If one place is like some other,
This describes it very well.

KATE'S INQUIRY.

“What do we live for anyhow?”

With emphasis you ask,
To answer such a question, Kate,
Would be no easy task.

Yet I will try to answer it
In my peculiar way,
But if not satisfactory
Excuse me then, I pray.

From what you say, you seem to think
That people live in vain,
That life is but an empty dream,
Disturbed by grief and pain.

To live we have a great desire,
And yet we know not why,
So one thing that we live for is
This wish to gratify.

We live to help the ones we love,
And what a pleasure, too,

Love is the stimulus we need
To make us dare and do.

Affection moves this world of ours,
As well as that above,
And so we draw the inference
We also live to love.

Another thing we live for is,
We can not help it well,
And so, of course, we must expect
Somewhere in space to dwell.

To cultivate our physical
As well as mental powers
Is one thing more we live for, Kate,
In this bright world of ours.

Another thing we live for is
Our kindred and our friends,
They could not do without us well,
On them *our* fate depends.

Much more have we to live for, Kate,
Besides what's mentioned here,

And yet you seem to think that we
Have naught to live for, dear.

We have enough to live for, Kate,
The hosts of heaven know,
So let us do our duty well
While through this world we go.

Now, what *we most should* live for is,
To try, and try again,
To do the very best we can,
And we'll not live in vain.



THE RICH and POOR CONTRASTED

He that's *rich* in this world's treasure
May carouse and have his pleasure,
He may be but one in twenty
Fortune has endowed with plenty;
But the man that's poor and needy,
Clad in garments somewhat seedy,
Must encounter tribulations,
Trials, hardships, and privations.

MAN'S DESTINY, WHAT IS IT?

Of course we all would like to know
Our destiny and where we'll go,
When we are done with earth and all
Pertaining to this heavenly ball

Some claim we'll go direct to God
While *others* think, beneath the sod,
And *some* are bold enough to say
We'll go to hell, without delay.

Now let us for a moment see
How inconsistent some can be,
To claim God is not here, but there,
And at the same time everywhere.

Now if to meet him we must go
He cannot well be here you know,
And if he is not here, but there,
He cannot well be everywhere.

If 'neath the sod we gravitate
And there in an unconscious state,

Eternally we do remain,
Then man of course was made in vain.

And worse by far if hell should be,
With all its ills, his destiny,
'Twere better then he'd ne'er been born
Than to exist and be forlorn.

The facts are these, and nothing can
Be inconsistent with the plan,
That we shall roam from place to place
Throughout illimitable space.

Some truths we'll glean wher'er we go
Facts that before we did not know,
And thus go on to rise and shine
Till we become as gods divine.



BABY.

Whenever baby makes his call
A precious boon is he to all,
"A bursting bud" he's said to be
That blooms on life's prolific tree—

“A padlock on the chain of love,”
He has been called, “My precious dove,”
Another name that fits him well
And is not difficult to spell,
“A human flower untouched by care,”
So sweet, so delicate and fair—
“A tiny feather from the wing
Of love,” that some forebodings bring.
“A little craft of innocence,”
But rigged and run with some expense—
The mother’s love, the father’s joy,
Whether it be a girl or boy.
A stranger is he at the best,
But usually a welcome guest;
Where he becomes a household pet,
A place he fills without regret—
“A native of all countries,” who
Can speak no tongue, but only coo;
Of course a Laplander is he,
In Lapland then he loves to be,
Where, in that most congenial clime
He spends a portion of his time.
Within or out of nurse’s lap
He is an interesting chap;
And should he die or go to Rome,
O, how you’d miss him from your home!

THE STOLEN HEART.

The following lines are represented as being addressed by a young man to his sweetheart on the eve of his departure for Italy.

Listen to me, Lizzie Long,
Am I right or am I wrong?
In accusing you, my dear,
Of a deed so very queer,
By some craft of yours or art,
You have stole away my heart,
Took it from me unawares
But I guess nobody cares,
So you see 'tis my belief
That you are a little thief.
Let me tell you what it is,
I will not condemn you, Liz,
But instead of doing this
I will deal you out a kiss,
In a humor somewhat grave
Rather than to rant and rave,
Then I'll go to Italy, dear,
Where the skies are ever clear,

Where the sun in splendor shines
Down upon the Apennines,
Shedding forth a flood of light
Soft, effulgent, clear, and bright,
There the little honeybee
Wings his way so merrily
O'er the fields, from flower to flower,
Guided by an unseen power,
There the Alps majestic stand,
Bold and lofty, august, grand,
Looking down with rugged face
On the objects at their base.
I can love you while I roam
Just as well as here at home,
And when miles and miles away
I can think of you and say,
You'r my darling and my dove,
And the only one I love.
When I've rambled till I'm tired
I will then return inspired
With a stronger love than ever,
For my darling, cute and clever.

NATURE'S MYSTERIES.

On our journey from the womb
To the dark and silent tomb,
Mysteries of deep concern
Puzzle us at every turn,
Till we often get perplexed,
Quite bewildered too, and vexed—
Let me here some questions ask,
But to answer, what a task!
How about the planet Mars
Up among the shining stars,
Tell me stranger, if you can,
Is it the abode of man?
Is it sir, a garden spot
For intelligence, or not?
And in case 'tis really so
Tell us what the Marites know,
Are they more advanced than we
Or behind a century?
Do they toil for daily bread,
Or are they on manna fed?
Is there sorrow there and mirth,
Just the same as on the earth?
Are there mountains there and vales,

Oceans that are swept by gales?
Rivers broad and deep and dark,
Big enough to float an ark?
Is there on that distant sphere
Anything like what is here?
Tell me now about that star
We behold away so far,
Out beyond, the planet Mars,
Right among the twinkling stars,
Is it but another sun
Doing as old Sol has done,
Through all ages that are past
Lighting up a system vast?
These are things we'd like to know
As we on our journey go,
But the answer that we get
Is "I am not certain yet
As to how these matters are
For I'm not advanced that far."
Evidently it is true
These are but a very few
Of the hidden things profound
That in nature's realms abound;
So it is no wonder then
That we get bewildered when,
We attempt to take a peep
Into mysteries so deep.

ONLY JUST THE OTHER NIGHT.

If the garden gate could talk
It would have a tale to tell
That would very likely suit
Curious people passing well,
It could tell how Johnny Brown
And his sweetheart, Katie Wright
Hung upon it long and late,
Only just the other night.

How I would like to have been
That old garden gate a while,
To have listened to the chat
That their moments did beguile;
Interesting must have been
What was said to Katie Wright
By her lover Johnny Brown,
Only just the other night.

But the garden gate will keep
As a secret what they said,
To each other then and there
Till old Father Time is dead,

Chatting was not all they did
 By the moonbeam's feeble light
 When their lips in contact came
 Only just the other night.

Kissing, doubtless, was a part
 Of the program by the gate
 Well performed by Johnny Brown
 And his pretty sweetheart, Kate.
 True it is we've only guessed,
 But we think we've guessed aright,
 How they chatted, hugged, and kissed,
 Only just the other night.



A RIDDLE.

While I'm living I need none,
 After I am dead but one,
 Only one, and that is all
 Whether I am large or small.

THE FEMALE CRUSOE.

The following poem was suggested to the mind of the author by reading an article published in the *Globe-Democrat* in the fall of 1880. It was concerning a small tribe of Indians that years before had been colonized by the Jesuits of California on one of the Santa Barbara Islands, and after remaining many years on the Island it was decided to remove them to the main land, and accordingly a vessel was sent from Santa Barbara for that purpose. As the ship approached and anchored near the island all was bustle and confusion, for they understood its mission. Soon a boat pushed off towards the island to take them on board the vessel. After the Indians were all aboard the boat and they were ready to return to the vessel the signal was given and she shoved off. The boat had not proceeded far before a young Indian woman missed her babe, she supposed that one of the sailors had taken the child and deposited it in the boat previous to her occupation of it, and did not discover her mistake until the boat had gotten some distance from shore. She requested them to return for her child,

but they refused on account of a storm that had just set in, so she jumped overboard and they supposed she was drowned. They reached the ship, however, in safety, and all went on board when the good ship weighed anchor and was soon sailing in the direction of Santa Barbara which place she reached in due time.

About eighteen years after the events we have just mentioned had transpired, a vessel chanced to land at this island, and what was their astonishment to find it inhabited by a solitary woman, who was captivated and taken on board when it was ascertained that she was the identical person who so many years before made her escape from the boat by plunging into the ocean to save her child. Her story was soon learned. She was taken to California, but died in a short time after being rescued from her solitary abode. Her life upon the island and the particulars concerning her lost child was learned from her own lips and is given in the poem.

This is said to be a true story and is certainly a sad one.

Alone I dwell on this desolate isle
From kindred away I am many a mile,
And just how it happened that I am here
Shall be related in language clear.

I once belonged to an Indian band
That had an abode on this island strand,
But as it happened a ship one day
From Santa Barbara sailed this way,
And anchored herself not far from shore,
And then proceeded at once to lower
With ropes and pulleys a good-sized boat
Which soon they managed to get afloat,
And when the boat was properly manned
No time was lost in making the land,
Their object was as we understood,
To take us aboard if they possibly could.
To leave the island we did prepare
To stay here longer we did not care,
With one accord then we hastened aboard
In the face of a rain that dismally poured,
For just at that time a storm was at hand
That did in a measure confuse our band,
And now as we were about to roam
We bid an adieu to our island home,
The boat then shoved from off the strand
And when a furlong or two from land,
My baby, alas! just then I missed,
The child I had so frequently kissed,
I had supposed the little wee thing
Was taken beneath a sailor's wing,
And gently placed in the craft before

It had been shoved from off the shore,
To my dismay 'twas a sad mistake
For my child—oh dear, how my heart did ache!
I pondered but a moment or two
Ere I decided just what to do
I made what I call a desperate plunge
And swam to the shore like a muskallonge,
Contending of course with wind and wave
For no other purpose but baby to save,
While struggling in the turbulent deep,
I thought alas, that my final leap
Had just been made, for often my breath
Would seem for a moment lost in death,
The shore at length was reached and the spot
Where my child was left, but I found him not.
Of course I knew then some merciless beast
Had sated himself with a terrible feast.
My heart grew faint from this very cause
And I for a while insensible was,
But when I came to my senses again,
I thought of my lonely condition then,
I thought of my friends on the rolling deep
And the thought was enough to make one weep,
I bowed my head and thought with a sigh
Of the months and years that had gone by,
How very happy I might have been
Surrounded by those I claimed as kin,

Whose faces again I would never see
While on this side of eternity.
I thought of the waves that rolled between
Myself and the lands I had never seen,
And wished for the wings of a dove, that I
Might rise in the atmosphere and fly,
I also thought of my sad, sad fate,
And I felt lonely and desolate,
I would of necessity henceforth be
Inclosed as I was by the deep blue sea,
I felt that I never again would behold
A being shaped in humanity's mold,
It was hard, very hard, to become reconciled
To my fate, and the loss of my dear little child,
So I burst into tears and I sobbed aloud
Till the tears flowed down like rain from a cloud.
Out of humanity's reach was I
Here for to linger until I die,
Never to hear the music of speech.
But in its stead the terrible screech
The little owl makes in the dead of night
But seldom, if ever, in broad day light.
I felt I was doomed to hear the wolf howl
As well as to harken to said little owl,
To listen to see birds from day unto day
And not understand a word that they say,
I felt that the beast and the birds were to be

From that time forward my sole company,
Nor was I mistaken for quite soon they came,
About me appearing most shockingly tame
I feed them and pet them and teach them to
know

That I am their companion instead of their foe.
When I to my fate had become reconciled
A spot I selected, sequestered and wild,
Where I built me a hut out of tamarack poles
And near, very near, where the blue ocean rolls.
This hut is my palace, the isle my domain
O'er the fowl and the brute supremely I reign,
I'm queen of the island but dwell here alone
So all my possessions are strictly my own;
But a solitude deep, and one I am sure
That would be quite hard for some to endure,
I have to encounter from day unto day
Since *fate* has decided that here I shall stay.

TO THE OCEAN.

“Roll on, thou dark blue ocean, roll!”
O’er thee has man but slight control,
Thy depths we cannot fathom well,
How deep thou art no tongue can tell.

The surging of thy billows deep
Awakes the mariner from his sleep,
Disturbs the slumbers of the dead
That rests upon thy gravelly bed.

Thou art the vast but solemn grave
Of many a hero bold and brave,
The great receptacle of all
The treasure lost since Adam’s fall.

Thy ceaseless ebbing, ceaseless flow,
Doth most distinguish thee, although
An attribute we frankly own
Belonging unto thee alone.

No drinker hard can drink thee up,
Nor any dipper, dish or cup
Is large enough to dip thee dry,
Except the dipper in the sky.

WHAT I'D TELL HER.

"I will tell you of a maiden—
Of a maiden I have seen,"
Who will vie in form and feature
With earth's most bewitching queen,
Oft I have resolved to court her
And the story to her tell
Of my heart's sincere devotion,
For I love the maiden well.

But my courage ever fails me—
Ever fails me in that hour
Designated to approach her
And submit to woman's power,
Would that I were so audacious
As to meet my love to-day,
And in words of fond emotion
Tell her all I have to say.

I would tell her how I love her,
How I loved her years ago
When our hearts were young and tender,
Purer than the driven snow,
How that love has grown still stronger
As the years have onward rolled,
Till it now so fires my bosom
That it never can grow cold.

I would tell her of my happy—
Of my happy dreams at night,
When so oft she lingers near me
Lovely as an angel bright,
How it saddens me on waking
Finding I had only dreamed,
And that all was a delusion,
Things not being what they seemed.

I would tell her how my anxious—
How my anxious heart will beat
For her safety, on occasions
When I'm far from her retreat,
How I in my lovely wanders
Over prairie, through the wood,
Feel the force of that old adage,
"To be single is not good."

I would tell her how this aching—
How this aching heart of mine
Can be made no more to languish,
Nor in melancholy pine,
How her presence e'er disperses
From my mind that gloom away,
As a ray of sunshine changes
Blackest darkness into day.

I would tell her of my mansion—
Of my mansion in the West,
How it stands without a mistress
For the spiders to infest,
Tell her of the joy 'twould give me
To make that her future home,
Then no more o'er earth's broad surface
Would I ever wish to roam.

Now I'd take this maiden gently—
Take her gently by the hand
And in language quite peculiar,
Ask her if she would be "manned,"
Then I'd wait in breathless silence
For the answer she would sigh,
Knowing well my fate depended
On the maiden's firm reply.

But my courage ever fails me—
Ever fails me in that hour,
Designated to approach her
And submit to woman's power;
So I e'er must be contented
To live on without a wife,
And not know the joy, the comfort,
Realized in wedded life.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Like orbs of burnished silver
Is the electric light,
It shines with such effulgence,
So radiant and bright;
More brilliant far than gaslight,
As everybody knows;
We only can conjecture
The source from which it flows;
Not fully comprehended,
Yet man has learned enough
To know 'twas like a diamond—
A diamond in the rough;
By closest application,
By minds not quite divine,
The *rough* was penetrated
And light was made to shine—
A light that is soon destined
To supercede them all
In lighting up the the parlor,
The dining-room and hall;
A thousand orbs most brilliant
Illuminate the night,
In many a town and city

With this electric light,
Which makes it most delightful
To saunter down the street,
And scrutinize the objects
We're liable to meet;
A light almost like sunlight,
Magnificent and grand,
At night is beaming gently
All over this broad land.
A source of satisfaction
It is for *man* to know
That *he* from out of darkness
Can make such light to flow;
To know he can control it
According to his will,
And light with it the mansion,
The workshop, or the mill.



FAME.

There is but one thing,
And that is fame,
That will give to man
And immortal name.

PERSEVERANCE.

Should we desire our ends to gain
In plans that we have laid,
We must be steadfast in our aim
And not become dismayed.
Then obstacles will disappear
If we will only persevere.

In truth's bright armor let the soul
Be shielded for defence,
It will then hasten toward its goal,
To soar it will commence;
'Mong fields of light it will appear
If we will only persevere.

Let every one his mark set high,
While yet in youthful bloom.
With ardor, then, we each should try
To reach it ere the tomb;
Which can be done without a fear
If we should live and persevere.

How was it with our country's sire—
Our own great Washington—

Did he not reach a mark still higher
 Than he had set while young?
 The reason why is very clear,
 He did most nobly persevere.

What one has done, another can;
 Should e'er be borne in mind,
 'Tis *wisdom now* that makes the man,
 With love and truth combined.
 So while we chance to linger here
 Our *duty* is to persevere.



CONSCIENCE, WHAT IS IT?

'Tis a knowledge nature gave
 Alike to master and his slave,
 To distinguish *right* from *wrong*
 As they slowly jog along,
 Through this so called vale of tears
 On their way to riper years.

AN ADDRESS TO THE BOBOLINK.

Bobolink, sweet Bobolink,
Let me tell you what I think
Of a bird that seems to me
Happy as a bird can be :
In the meadows, blithe and gay,
Warbling sweetly all the day
Such melodious notes as none
Can create but thee alone.
Little bird, pray tell me why
Thus from perch to perch you fly?
Keeping well within the bounds
Of the lovely meadow grounds,
Mingling music, here and there,
With the fragrance of the air.
Those delicious strains of thine
As they strike this ear of mine
Give a pleasure pure and deep
As they o'er the senses creep.
What is there for man in store
That can please his fancy more
Than the melodies that float

So spontaneous from thy throat?
Little bird, yea, thou art queen
Of the meadows fresh and green,
For 'tis there thou hast full sway
Through the livelong summer day.
Other birds may there abound,
Other songsters there be found,
But no bird attracts the eye
Like thee, or with thee can vie;
Other birds with plumage gay
In a measure doubtless may
Have attractions, yet I think,
Cannot vie with Bobolink.



A SMART GIRL.

I asked her if she'd have me,
And this is what she said:
"Oh, no, sir; no, sir; no sir;
I do not wish to wed,
For you must know I have, sir,
My own dear self and mother
Now to support and do for,
So would not take another."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Woman's love for man is strong
When she'll wed him right or wrong,
Leave behind her dear old home,
Friends and all, with him to roam.
He may be a man of vice
With a heart as cold as ice,
One who is unknown to fame
Yet she loves him just the same.

When a woman loves a man
Really as a woman can,
She will love him, yes, by zounds,
With a love that has no bounds ;
He may be a drunken coot
And a vagabond to boot,
With but an indifferent name
Yet she loves him just the same.

He may be, as people say,
In appearance all O. K.,
But when sounded to the core
He will want for something more ;
May be poor as poor can be
Having nothing one can see,
Lazy somewhat, sick, or lame
Yet she loves him just the same.

He may be of noble birth
And a man of real worth,
Kind, intelligent, and would
By his friends be reckoned good ;
May be one among the few
That is generous and true,
And withal a man of fame
Yet she loves him just the same.



AMBITION.

I have wandered along on the ocean's strand,
Where I left my footprints in the sand,
But soon, very soon, the tide came on
And then in a moment they were gone,
Yes, gone forever and evermore
From the fine gray sand along the shore;
And thus it is, in this "vale of tears"
Through which we pass in a few short years,
The footprints we make on the sands of time
Will be swept away, and not a sign
Will remain to denote that we ever had
An existence here, either good or bad,
Unless we have made our lives sublime

While gliding along with the passage of time.
But few men there are when compared with all
Who have lived and died on this heavenly ball,
That by their achievements a deathless name
For them has appeared on the scroll of fame ;
I'll venture to say though I may be wrong,
That not a dozen in all the throng
That encumbers the earth to-day, though immense,
Will be talked about one thousand years hence.
So what is the use to ambitious be ?
Ambition is but a cheat you see,
It makes us believe we can do some thing
That will make our name through centuries ring,
It will spur us onward and make us do
The labor that should be done by two,
It will fool us along from year to year
Till we get old and our end is near,
And then perhaps it will lose its grip
And from its clutches we will slip,
More dead than alive, to every one
An object of pity, more than fun ;
Then death will come and knock at the door
And we'll be forgotten for evermore.

A POETICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

McKibbens' is the place to go
To buy your goods at prices low,
They keep a stock that's unsurpassed
By any in this region vast,
And one that will, to say I'm bound,
Just suit the wants of all around ;
In fact it is but just received
And will be liked, it is believed.
Upon their shelves are fabrics rare,
Selected with the greatest care,
And from the very choicest hoards
That our metropolis affords.
There's cotton goods of every shade
And woolen too of every grade,
And silks and satins, too, I ween
That's nice enough to dress a queen.
The best delanes and gingham's too,
All styles of prints both old and new,
And clothing that is ready made
Of which you need not be afraid,
And boots and shoes of every kind
Within their spacious walls you'll find.

These are a part and nothing more
Of all the goods they keep in store,
So let me say to one and all,
Just give them ere you buy, a call,
And they'll convince you of the fact
That nothing in their line is lacked
Their clerks are most obliging too
Will overhaul their goods for you,
And suit you, or at least they'll try
On any thing you want to buy.



MY LIFE.

My life is like a river
That doth to seaward glide
With now and then a bubble
Arising on its tide,
This bubble is the passion
That often will arise
Existing but a moment
And then forever dies.

My life is like an island,
Forsaken and alone,

Exposed to dashing surges
That ever 'round it moan.
These surges are the vices
That doth my life beset
And threaten to o'erwhelm it,
But never have they yet.

My life is like a vessel
Upon the ocean vast
That's more or less affected
By each and every blast ;
But still it struggles onward
At a bewildering rate
Toward its destination
Regardless of its fate.

My life is like a problem
That never can be solved
In consequence of something
In which it is involved ;
And so is my existence
A mystery to man,
For who on earth can figure
And tell me what I am ?

IDAHO.

Written in 1863 when the Territory was a wilderness.

Idaho, Idaho, "Gem of the mountains,"
Will you go, lady, and sip from her fountains ?
Ne'er was there land that was ever more blessed
Than glorious Idaho of the far West.

Idaho, Idaho, bright are her waters,
Will you go, lady, and take up your quarters
In her wild solitudes 'neath her blue sky
Where crystals like streamlets go murmuring by?

Idaho, Idaho, grand are her features,
Will you go, lady, be one of her creatures?
As Queen was her title, for ages ago
Her brow was first crowned with crystallized snow.

Idaho, Idaho, proud is her bearing,
Will you go, lady, be noble and daring,
Help me to strip from her bosom so fair
A part of the gold that is glittering there ?

Idaho, Idaho, wild are her passes,
Will you go, lady, be first of her lasses
To pluck from her summits the evergreen bough
The laurel that decorates Idaho's brow ?

Idaho, Idaho, wild are her legends,
Will you go, lady, and roam o'er the regions,
Where the red man of the forest and dell
Down to this moment in myriads dwell ?

THE ANSWER.

You ask me, sir, and fain would know
If I will link my fate with yours,
And strike direct to Idaho
The land that now allures,
O yes, O yes, O yes, I will go
And sip from the founts of Idaho.

You ask me too in language sweet
If I will dwell beneath her sky,
The *answer*, sir, I will repeat
And here is the reply,
O yes, O yes, O yes, I will go
And dwell in the wilds of Idaho.

You ask me, sir, with graceful mien
If I'll be pillowed on the breast,
And tell me that she is a Queen
Of the triumphant West,
O yes, O yes, O yes, I will go
And rest in the arms of Idaho.

You tell me, sir, there's shining gold
Within her secret vaults concealed,
And ask me if I will be bold
And help to make her yield ;
O yes, O yes, O yes, I will go
And toil like a bee in Idaho.

I'll be, sir, like the bounding buck
If you the term will please allow,
And of the foremost, sir, to pluck
A laurel from her brow,
O yes, O yes, O yes, I will go
And mount to the heights of Idaho.

You tell me, sir, that legends wild
Are told of this the red man's home,
And ask me with a visage mild
If o'er this land I'll roam,
O yes, O yes, O yes, I will go
And roam with you, sir, in Idaho.



EPIGRAM.

That which the world calls charity,
I am impressed to say,
Is something of a rarity
Within the *church* to-day.

THE FORWARD YOUTH.

If you this boy should chance to meet
You'll know him on the crowded street.
For by his ostentatious air
You'll know him almost anywhere ;
He is a clever lad, "you bet,"
As jolly as you ever met,
His feet may be entirely bare
And frizzly his head of hair.
His hat may be quite old and worn
His "pants" perhaps may have been torn,
And on them have a patch or so
Above the crotch, if not below ;
And only one suspender may
Be all that holds or makes them stay,
And should that break the chances are
They would collapse right then and there.
His coat may have a hole or two,
Besides the ones the arms go through,
Not only these, a slit perhaps
Beneath the armpit widely gaps.
Upon his feet there is no lack
Of dirt, for with it they are black,
Although he washes them before
Retiring through his bedroom door;
His hands are covered with the tan

That makes them somewhat blacker than
They otherwise would be, and yet
About his hands he does not fret.
His face—the image of his dad's—
Resembles that of other lads ;
Upon his brow perhaps a streak
Of dirt as well as on his cheek,
Can easily be traced should we
Observe his physiognomy.

The grocymen all hate to see
This youth drop in—he makes so free
With them as well as with their stock,
He'll sample goods and with them talk
As if he were a drummer just
From the metropolis and must
Supply their every need before
He makes his exit from the door.
He feels his great importance when
He condescends to talk with men ;
And readily exchanges views
On any subject—gives the news,
Detailing well the late events,
Exhibiting a deal of sense.
He is familiar with the town,
Can name the streets both up and down,
So well he's posted on the streets
He knows one half the men he meets ;

Thus he imagines he is "some,"
Knows where to find the choicest gum,
And he can tell you where to find
An article of any kind.
He is averse to being mauled
By other boys or being called
By them a fool or any name
That signifies about the same.
Before he'll quietly submit
He'll *fight*, and that's the whole of it.
He's independent, but is kind
To all that treat him well you'll find ;
But when among his chums he's one
That is disposed to have his fun,
He'll have it too at your expense
Regardless of the consequence.
He chews tobacco, squirts the juice,
Of pipes he has but little use,
But sometimes smokes a cigarette
Which he appreciates, "you bet."
Our hero works when he can find
A job to do of any kind,
He'll black your boots and do it well,
And frequently will peanuts sell
Upon the streets, or cakes and pies,
A hero is he in disguise;
Sometimes he sells the morning news

Or any paper you may choose,
Can turn his hand at any time
To captivate an honest dime.
He's liable like other boys
To have his grief as well as joys
To have a frown upon his face
When smiles should occupy its place,
To have a hand in mischief done
When perpetrated just for fun ;
He's not a saint by any means,
And some would say to Satan leans ;
He's not so *vile*, he'd do you harm,
O no, not he, his heart is warm ;
And many are the deeds of good
He'd do you if 'twere so he could.
A splendid boy is he in truth
Although he is a forward youth,
And this is all that can be said
Against the boy, alive or dead,
He has his failings, so have we,
And we our virtues, so has he ;
We each have trials to endure,
Positions higher to secure,
So when compared with you and me,
He will compare quite favorably.

THE PRESENT AGE.

What means that ocean steamer there
That stems the current of the air,
Resists the tide that ebbs and flows
As o'er the ocean broad it goes ?

What means that track of iron rails
Extending over hills and dales,
From town to town, from mart to mart,
Connecting each, though wide apart ?

What mean those trains that o'er it run
Conveying shipment by the ton ?
And at a most bewildering rate,
They carry men as well as freight.

What mean those poles in nice array
That stand along for miles away,
Connected only by a wire,
To serve the purpose we desire ?

What means that low—that clicking sound
We hear in all the houses 'round ?
A *sound* that ne'er was heard you know,
A century or two ago.

What means all that machinery
That nearly everywhere we see,
Which saves to man if not to beast
In labor full one-half at least?

It means—and there is no mistake,
That people now are wide awake,
That principles entirely new
Are being sought and brought to view.

It means this is a mighty age,
And will no doubt on history's page
Be thus recorded, after we
Sojourners here have ceased to be.



AUTOGRAPH.

The flowers, alas, must wither and die
And thus 'twill be Susie with you and I,
For not very long on earth can we stay
And then like the flowers we'll pass away.

DISSATISFIED.

After a man becomes dissatisfied with married life, as some do, he is very likely to indulge in language similar to what is represented as being used in the following lines.

On the night of the day that we married
And after retiring to rest,
She called me her "toutsey poutsey"
And pillowed her head on my breast.

On thinking perhaps that she loved me
I ventured to give her a kiss ;
Which pleased her undoubtedly somewhat,
And gave to me exquisite bliss,

She asked me to call her my darling
And said she would ever be good,
Would yield to my wishes whenever,
In reason, she possibly could.

She said—and I thought that she meant it,
Without me her life would be dull,
Devoid of all bliss and enjoyment
And be as a consequence null.

She gave me the tender assurance
That love was the life of her soul,
That life without love would be aimless
And under no sort of control.

'Tis different now, let me tell you,
Of late she's adopted the rule
To snub me on every occasion,
And calls me a "cussed" old fool.

Her dresses long since she abandoned
And put on the breeches instead ;
Myself and my business she bosses,
And takes the fore side of the bed.

She scolds and she frets without ceasing
And everything with her goes wrong,
And now I am almost persuaded
Her life cannot last very long.

'Tis wearing away I am certain,
Already she's looking quite old,
'Tis said—and there's truth in the adage,
That short is the life of a scold.

But when it has flickered and vanished,
No woman can ever again
Stand up by my side and be married,
So long as my senses remain.

REST, SOLDIER, REST.

The following lines are represented as being written in a soldier's cemetery a few years after the war of the rebellion. The poem was published in the newspapers at the time, so that many of my readers have probably seen it before.

Rest, Soldiers, rest,
Your battles now are ended,
And with the soil you fought for
Your earthly forms are blended,
Your aid was nobly given
Your country to defend,
But now your toils are over,
Your hardships at an end.

Sleep, Soldiers, sleep
The sleep that knows no waking,
While kindred hearts must sorrow
Until they feel like breaking,
Your mangled forms lie buried
In many a sad retreat,
Since life has lost its action
Or pulses ceased to beat,

Rest, Soldiers, rest

Where years ago you perished
In fighting for your country,
The land you long had cherished,
The flag you loved so dearly
And struggled hard to save,
Still waves unto the breezes
O'er many a hero's grave.

Sleep, Soldiers, sleep,

We'd not disturb your slumber,
Or let no vile pollution
Your resting grounds encumber;
But talk about your glory,
Your valor in the fight,
How gained a nation's tribute
By battling for the right.

Sleep, Soldiers, sleep,

No cry can now alarm you,
Nor foe with steel uplifted
Again can ever harm you ;
The booming of the cannon
Cannot you now arouse,
Since death that king of terrors
Has rested on your brows.

THE GRASSHOPPER RAID.

These lines were written in the spring of 1875. The grasshoppers invaded western Missouri the previous fall and were so numerous and their appetites so voracious that a famine was feared.

'Twas autumn last the hoppers made
In this fair land an awful raid,
'Twas in September that they came
But no man living was to blame
For their appearance nor the harm
They did to crops upon the farm.
When first they did to us appear
The day was fair, the sky was clear,
And like a million flakes of snow
They settled to the earth below.
Then did commence a havoc wrought—
By red-legged hoppers, who'd have thought
That insects of so small a size
Could rob us right before our eyes ;
Yet this they did, for well 'tis known
The crops we had that season grown

Were seized, and devastation wide
Appeared quite soon on every side.
This was not all, for while they staid
Deposits of their eggs were made
In holes they bore quite deep and round,
Where dry and solid was the ground,
This being done, they're stuck away
To hatch of course some other day ;
So when the spring of seventy-five
In all its glory did arrive,
This vast deposit then did hatch
And turned out hoppers, many a batch.
At first they were so weak and small
That they could scarcely hop at all,
But vegetation came at length,
Which aided them in gaining strength,
Since then they've grown and flourished well,
The mischief done no tongue can tell.
They've overrun our fields of grain,
Have cut it down time and again.
They've made our farms a desert waste
Unfit for man or even "baste,"
And like an avalanche of snow
They sweep creation where they go.
The earth appears to be alive,
They swarm like bees around a hive,
It absolutely makes us sick

To see them swarm so very thick ;
How long they'll stay, or what will be
The consequences none can see.
A famine of proportions great
May ultimately be our fate.

The grasshoppers, or Rocky Mountain locust, as they were more properly termed, staid with us until they were full grown and each one supplied with a good pair of wings, on or about the 7th day of June, 1875, they commenced disappearing, and by the 10th of June not one could be seen anywhere.



AUTOGRAPH.

You ask me to write in your album
But I would much rather refrain,
So what shall I write is the question
That puzzles this moment my brain.

THEN AND NOW.

Oh, well do I remember, John,
The days when we were young,
Our homes were in old Groton then,
Her hills we dwelt among.
Long years, you know, since then have flown
And old indeed we both have grown.

Of course you must remember, John,
The schoolhouse on the hill
Where children used to congregate,
As they do doubtless still.
'Twas there I learned my a-b-c
And to distinguish q from p.

Oh, well do I remember, John,
The spelling schools and all
The evening doings that we had,
When you and I were small;
But youth and all its joys have fled
And age to us has come instead.

Of course you will remember, John,
Our playmates, boys and girls,
The loveliest among them all
Was Susie with her curls;
But she is gone, some time ago
She bid adieu to all below.

And there was little "Mary," John,
The one who had the "lamb,"
How beautiful her features were,
Her countenance, how calm.
She, too, has gone from earth away,
Undoubtedly henceforth to stay.

The fair-ground and the church-yard, John,
Were spots we used to tread,
The one designed for living men,
The other for the dead.
You can not but remember each,
And con the lessons that they teach.

The lake you will remember, John,
With waters bright and clear,
Where often we would go and bathe,
When evening shades drew near.
Sometimes the girls would come there, too.
And take a bath when we withdrew.

The orchard and the meadow, John,
 Were spots we loved, you know,
The reason why I cannot tell,
 Yet this was even so.
We frequently to them would stray,
And have a jolly time at play.

You can not but remember, John,
 The mill-pond owned by Price,
Where we would go in winter time
 To skate upon the ice.
Most jolly times we youngsters had
But they have passed, and 'tis too bad.

The mill itself I'll mention, John;
 While speaking of the pond,
Within whose flume we used to fish,
 A sport of which I'm fond,
'Twas there our fathers used to go
To get their grinding done, you know.

The forest, too, I'll mention, John,
 Where we would sometimes go,
And hunt all day for smaller game
 Than bear and buffalo,
As boys we were regarded then
But now are quite aged men.

But those bright days have passed and gone,
No more will they return,
While you and I are journeying on
Without the least concern.
Our missions, John, full well you know
Will soon be ended here below.

So when that anxious time has come,
And we have met again,
We'll have no use for paper, John,
No use for ink or pen.
We then can talk, you know, and tell
About those days we loved so well.



Heaven is the opposite of hell, we have been told,
If one is hot and torrid, then the other must be cold.

YOUR VALENTINE.

Methinks that I can hear you say
That this is called "St. Vallen's" day,
And wondering if some lady fine
Is writing you a valentine;
So while these thoughts invade my mind
My work at once shall be resigned,
And I will try what I can do
At scribbling out some lines for you,
And pour into thy gentle heart
All that to-day I dare impart.
Like some lone bird without a mate
My heart is sad and desolate
And wanders here and there to find
Some noble soul that's true and kind
Who will in goodness condescend
To be my ever faithful friend,
And love me with an ardent zeal
That one can understand and feel.
Oh then would life be bright indeed
If but supplied with every need,
And loneliness no more would come
To make it sad and wearisome.

GRANT.

The following lines were written while U. S. Grant was still living, but toward the close of his life:

He has richly earned his laurels
In the service he has done,
And who is there that would deprive him
Of a solitary one?

'Twas ambition urged him onward
In the rapid strides he took;
That he is a man of courage
Is apparent in his look.

Difficulties he surmounted
As he pushed his way along,
"Let me rise a little higher,"
Was the tenor of his song.

Step by step he climbed the ladder,
In his mad career for fame,
Till he reached an elevation
Yielding an undying name.

He has made his name immortal,
Other men have done so too,
But the ones who have succeeded
Are comparatively few.

Rome once had her Julius Cæsar,
Switzerland, a William Tell,
Other countries have their heroes
And why should not ours as well?



THE DRUNKARD'S WAIL.

My father and mother have both passed on,
My uncle's and aunts are all, all gone.
Of brothers and sisters I am bereft
And among them all I'm the only one left.

I never was married in all my life,
There never was one I could call my wife,
No children to me have ever been born,
Which makes me most wretched, sad, and forlorn.

I'm old and feeble, and somewhat gray,
Like many another I've had my day,
And ought to be ready and willing to go
And leave what little I have here below.

It is but a little that I possess
And day after day it is growing less;
Oh what shall I do when that little is spent
And I am no longer possessed of a cent?

As I have become such a poor drunken sot,
Deplorable now indeed is my lot,
No kindred have I, I can fall back on—
As I said before, they are all, all gone.

Just over the hills, and not far away,
Is that ramshackle house so dingy and gray,
In a very few months it will catch me sure
And I will be lodged with the wretched and poor.



TRUTH.

'Tis understood by people well,
But very hard for some to tell,

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO THE BODY.

Adieu to my physical form, adieu,
I have no more use at all for you,
You've served me well for many a year
While I have been a sojourner here;
So now to another land I will go
And leave you to your fate below,
I'll join the hosts that have gone before
To the boundless realms of that other shore.
The laws of our being must be obeyed
Or else they never would have been made,
Some live a century, some but a day,
And then like the flowers they pass away;
But not to be lost—to live is the fate
Of every one, both humble and great,
'Tis only their physical forms that must
Be subject to the laws that turn them to dust,
While they will exist through ages to be
As a fact that is fixed, unfettered and free.
'Tis evident, then, we have much to do
In acquiring knowledge and wisdom too,
Unless we have these, existence would be
A blank and unfit for eternity.
So let us gather as every one should,

That which, by the way, will do us some good
And then store it up in the mind away
To be kept for use at a subsequent day.
'Tis garnered, of course, at a very great cost
But with the assurance it can not be lost.
There is one thing more I wish to say
To my bodily form, ere I go away,
And that is this : the physical was,
According to nature's immutable laws,
Designed undoubtedly to unfold,
Develope, and then awhile for to hold
The spiritual before it can
Dispense with the exterior man;
And so you're but the effect of a cause
Produced by the working of nature's laws.
And now, again, I will say to you,
Adieu, my affectionate friend, adieu.



AUTOGRAPH.

My pen I have plunged into ink
Before I have had time to think
Of a word I can write that will be
Of the least bit of interest to thee.

A KISS.

There's much been said about a kiss
In ages past as well as this,
But as we ne'er have had our say
We'll have it now without delay;
Our definition of a kiss
Is nothing more or less than this :
It is the language of the heart
That to another we impart
By telling what we have to say
In the most satisfactory way,
Imparting it with lips alone,
Without the aid of voice or tone.
It is an act that only two
Can with it have a thing to do,
An act that does each party good
And can not be misunderstood,
And one that has in every age
Been practiced even by the sage;
And who is there that does not know,
That from the lips sweet kisses flow,
And from no other source on earth
Do kisses ever have a birth.

A monosyllable is "kiss,"
No sweeter word is there than this,
Of magic power it is possessed,
It cheers the heart that is depressed.
Oh, let me here assert the fact
That 'tis a very pleasant act,
And one that can not be repealed
By all the power that monarchs wield.
'Tis practiced by the young and old,
More potent is it far than gold,
It is the *lover's* right to kiss
Occasionally his pretty miss;
It is the mother's fond delight
To kiss her child, she has the right—
It signifies affection true
And is of love a token too.
A kiss is but a trifling thing,
It leaves behind no pain or sting,
And yet like an electric shock
'Twill thrill the heart, if hard as rock.
It sometimes makes a body glad
And then again it makes one sad,
And not unfrequently, real mad;
But notwithstanding all of this,
What girl loves not an ardent kiss?
What girl is there in all the land,
When she is made to understand

Its full purport, would then resist
Her inclination to be kissed?
When two fair girls collide and kiss
There's nothing in the act amiss,
Although we are inclined to say,
You'd better greet some other way;
For in a crowd there's always some
Will have their sport, let what *will* come,
Will have it too at your expense
Regardless of the consequence.
There is a time for every thing,
A time to dance, a time to sing,
A time to ride, a time to walk,
A time to kiss, a time to talk,
The time to snatch a kiss, is when
You're out of sight of living men;
For no remarks will then be made
To cast upon the act a shade,
And as a consequence, the kiss
Will be a source of perfect bliss.
The proper time we have revealed
For this ought not to be concealed,
So now we'll undertake to tell
Just *how* to kiss and do it well.
To do the thing, or so to speak,
Requires, of course, a little cheek,
A pair of lips won't come amiss

In making an attempt to kiss,
Of course they should be made to pout;
That is protrude a little out,
Then gently to the cheek be pressed—
'Tis easy now to do the rest.
There is about a kiss, a charm,
Incapable of doing harm,
Although a few may not agree
Exactly on this point with me,
But there are others, by the way,
Will bear me out in what I say,
And would be willing to assert,
A kiss can be but little hurt;
But be this matter as it may,
I have but little more to say,
Although we might much longer dwell
Upon a theme we love so well.
It is a theme that one and all
That dwell upon this heavenly ball,
Are apt to take an interest in
And not regard it as a sin.
'Tis right to kiss the ones we love,
'Tis done, no doubt, in realms above;
And what is right can not be wrong,
So let us kiss right straight along.

HAPPINESS A GEM.

Birds are happy, hear them sing,
How they make the woodlands ring,
People might be happy too,
Just as well as the cuckoo.

They're rejoicing o'er the fact
That they have the power to act,
And can pass away the time
Warbling music most sublime.

In their garb of plumage gay,
Just as lovely as the day,
How they twitter, coo, and kiss,
First on that side, then on this.

Watch them how they dart about
'Mong the tree tops in and out,
Nodding as they chance to meet
In so lovely a retreat.

Life to them seems but a joy,
Pure and sweet without alloy,
Yet they may have gloomy days
When the sun withholds his rays.

People might be happier far
Than these woodland songsters are,
If they'd strive with all their might
Toward setting things aright.

All should live according to
Nature's laws, so grand and true,
If the boon called happiness
Shall the world in future bless.

Every man and woman should
Do to others as they would
Have all others do to them,
If they'd gain the precious gem.



CONUNDRUM.

What place is there no man can get to
unless he runs? (Congress.)

AN ADDRESS TO A FOREST TREE.

Magnificent tree of the forest,
With pleasure we gaze upon thee
Exclaiming with heartfelt emotion
Thou art a most beautiful tree.

An object of pure admiration
Art thou to the lone passerby,
For seldom has there been developed
A thing that so pleases the eye.

Wide-spreading and lofty thy branches,
Extending some distance around,
O, what in creation is nobler !
That ever grew out of the ground.

Magnificent are thy proportions,
As straight as an arrow thou art,
In modeling thee for creation
Great Nature has well done her part.

Majestic indeed is thy bearing
Since fallen it has to thy lot
To be king of the forest, and ever
To reign in so lonely a spot,

The wind as it plays with thy branches
 Produces, although somewhat queer,
A sort of monotonous music
 Familiar to every ear.

A hundred long years thou hast flourished
 And still thou art living and sound,
Yet strange it may seem that the lightnings
 Have missed thee while darting around.

In days that have long since departed
 The little pappoose doubtless played,
Apart from the sun's rays so scorching,
 Beneath thy magnificent shade.

The *fawn*, like the kid and the lambkin,
 Has many and many a time
In all probability gamboled
 Beneath those huge branches of thine.

We would say to that woodsman out yonder
 Whoever that woodsman may be,
O have, in thy bosom, compassion
 And spare that conspicuous tree.

HAPPY DYING.

O, let us live from day to day
In such a manner that we may
When life is ending truly say,
 O, this is happy dying ;
For pure indeed must be the heart
When we with earth can bear to part,
And for an unknown land to start
 And meet the scenes so trying.

The man that hath a conscience clear,
In life or death hath naught to fear;
But *hope* that heart will onward cheer
 With words so edifying
That he will feel his pulses beat
With high emotion, and can meet
The "king of terrors" and repeat
 That this is happy dying.

Each deed and thought of every cast
That has a reference to the past,
Will be remembered when at last

Upon our couch we're lying,
 So let our lives devoted be
 To deeds of love and charity,
 If we would then exclaim with glee
 That this is happy dying.

'Tis truly said from earth we go,
 But whither, few can tell, or know,
 But leave we must our home below,
 So there's no use of crying ;
 But let us cheerfully comply
 With nature's laws, and by and by
 We can exclaim without a sigh,
 That this is happy dying.



THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

I was born to be odd,
 I really believe,
 Till the day when a sod
 They over me heave.

THE PROSPECTOR'S OWN SONG.

The following poem was written in the Salmon River Mountains, Idaho, in 1863.

Now with your kind permission, "gents,"
I will attempt to sing,
And if I fail, O, blame me not,
For such a trifling thing.
Some years ago when but a lad
I longed to be a man,
That I might range this mountain chain
With pick and shovel and pan.

Long had I dreamed of riches vast
Existing in this soil,
And even thought my fortune made
Without laborious toil.
So when the time at length arrived
To execute my plan,
A good "cyuse" was in demand
And pick and shovel and pan.

When all of these had been procured
My outfit was complete ;
And then I felt like one that has
The world beneath his feet.
Two jolly boys I did enlist,
Their names were Dick and Dan,
In buoyant hopes we then struck out
With pick and shovel and pan.

O'er pathless wilds, through deep ravines,
Or up some steep ascent,
Our toilsome march we did pursue
Regardless where we went.
And thus we roamed with wild delight
Till winter months began,
When all decided to return
With pick and shovel and pan.

And now the sequel you shall have
Before my story ends,
And in return I shall expect
Your sympathy, my friends,
In all our rounds we did not get
A cent's worth to the man,
And all on earth I now possess
Is pick and shovel and pan.

REASON.

There is a flower—a real flower,
That does not wither in an hour,
It is not found in gardens gay
Among the flowers that fade away,
Nor is it found in meadows green,
By mortal eye it ne'er was seen.
It does not grow on mountains high
Whose summits mingle with the sky,
Nor yet on banks of streams that flow
Toward the sea, O no, O no.
In every mind that's hale and sound
There this immortal flower is found.
The simple name that is applied
To this strange flower, our mortal guide,
Is Reason, and a name that can
Be understood by any man
However weak of heart or head,
Illiterate, or lowly bread.
It is a principle divine,
Implanted for a wise design,
And should we not it exercise
To make us noble, good, and wise?
It really is an attribute
That disunites us from the brute.
While we this principle possess

In measure somewhat, more or less,
The brute is not possessed you see
Of it in but a slight degree ;
For who is there has ever heard
Of reptile vile, or beast, or bird,
That bridges build, or lofty towers,
By exercise of reasoning powers?
Should we the difference compute
That doth exist 'twixt man and brute,
We'll find the contrast wide indeed
Except in minor points of need.
Sensation is in each complete,
In this the brute can well compete
With mortal man, for in the brute
Sensation is beyond dispute
As nice and perfect as it can
Be in the well-developed man.
One is possessed of *instinct*, and
The other, *reason*, nice and grand.
Reason will aid us as we wend
Our way along to comprehend
Great nature's laws so that we may
A little wiser grow each day ;
While instinct is an attribute
Belonging only to the brute,
And will not, cannot in the least,
Do aught to elevate the beast.

KATE AND JOE.

There was a wife in Oldtown
Not very long ago,
While sick and quite discouraged
Said to her husband Joe :
“ I have not long to stay here,
My pulse is growing weak,
But while my strength remains, Joe,
I will attempt to speak.

“ Now what I want to say, Joe,
Is nothing more than this :
When I am dead and buried
You'll have no one to kiss,
You'll have no one to love you,
No one to make your bed,
No one you can caress, Joe,
When I, alas, am dead.

“ You'll have no bosom friend then
To tell your troubles to,

No one to live or care for,
O dear, what will you do?
Your life will be so lonely,
So sad and desolate
That my advice would be Joe,
To find yourself a mate.

“And there is one in Oldtown
That I would recommend,
Who for a dozen years, Joe,
Has been my dearest friend.
Her name is Mollie Hudson,
She lives on Second street,
She told me she would have you—
’Twould make a match complete.”

“I hope you do not mean, Kate,
That fidgety old maid,
Who visits you so often
And makes such a parade.”
“She is the one I mean, Joe,
A splendid wife she’ll make,
For neatness and precision
The premium she’d take.”

“ But then she snuffs you know, Kate,
She snuffs too much for me,
She’s full of whims and notions
As any one can be,
And then she is so old, Kate,
Her life is too near spent,
She’s been of age a long time
Besides she’s corpulent.

“O, really ’tis too bad, Kate,
That you should mention her,
Since there are maids in Oldtown
That I would much prefer.
Now there is Fanny Jones, Kate,
Who’s only sweet sixteen,
She’s not so very fat, Kate,
Nor yet so very lean.

“ We’ve talked the matter over,
Miss Fanny Jones and I,
She says that she will have me
But not until you die,
And that will not be long, Kate,
You’re failing very fast,
A week at most will be, Kate,
As long as you can last.”

She listened with attention
To all he had to say,
As there upon her sick couch
In agony she lay.
And when his speech was ended
She made him this reply,
“I’ll tell you what it is, *Joe*,
I’m not a going to die.”

Nor did she die—the will-power
Produced by what he said
Accomplished well its purpose,
In raising her from bed.
And all that dwell in Oldtown
Most willingly would say
That she is one among them
Alive and well today.

MY WIFE'S PICTURE.

'Tis as beautiful a picture as ever you saw
About it you can not discover a flaw,
'Tis gilded with something resembling gold
And hangs in the parlor for all to behold;
'Tis the picture of one that is dear to my heart
Nor could I consent with the relic to part.
To you it may be of but little account
And be bartered away for the smallest amount;
'Tis not so with me, for the picture I prize
'As much as the blind would a good pair of eyes.
'Twas taken when she was the belle of the town
In which she had dwelt from her infancy down
To an age interesting and lovely besides,
To the age when a girl into womanhood glides;
'Twas taken one day when the flowers were in bloom
Delightfully yielding the richest perfume,
When a friend of her youth constructed a wreath
From the flowers that had grown in the valley beneath
And p'aced it upon the delicate brow,
As seen in the picture I'm gazing at now.
The artist his business most certainly knew
While painting a picture to nature so true,
Most wonderful, too, was the talent displayed

When features so life-like his pencil portrayed,
The tints that had rested upon her fair cheek
Had been by the artist transferred, so to speak,
And here they appeared in this picture you see
As bright and as lovely as lovely can be.
The wreath that encircles her ivory brow
Was well interwoven, I could not tell how,
Yet lilies and roses and jessamines rare
Have met and commingled with each other there.
The picture is lovely, I very well know,
From the crown of the head to the tip of the toe;
But lovely indeed as the picture may be
Her form in the parlor I'd much rather see.



THE HERMIT OF COLORADO.

In the wilds of Colorado
Oh, here is where I dwell,
My home is on the mountain
Within the wildest dell,
The beasts that roam the desert
My sole companions are,
The elk, the deer, the beaver,
The coyote, and bear,

In the wilds of Colorado
Oh, here is where I dwell,
Beneath a clustering arbor
That suits my fancy well,
'Tis here among the mountains
I while the time away,
Despite the many dangers
Encountered day by day.

In the wilds of Colorado
Oh, here is where I dwell,
'Tis soil I love most dearly,
Far more than tongue can tell ;
There is no land more pleasing
On which the eye can gaze,
No land is there more worthy
Of universal praise.

In the wilds of Colorado,
O, here is where I dwell,
A log my chair and table,
My bunk a rocky cell;
And from this rude construction
'Tis often I will roam,
And plant me on some summit
To view my mountain home.

In the wilds of Colorado
Oh, here is where I dwell,
The love I bear this region
No power on earth can quell,
Nor is the thing surprising
If love for her is felt,
When long within her limits
A hermit I have dwelt.

In the wilds of Colorado
Oh, here is where I dwell,
Enchantment though I suffer
That binds me like a spell;
Her mountains are so lofty,
Her plains so widely spread,
Her vales so green and lovely
That art to them is dead.

In the wilds of Colorado
Oh, here is where I dwell,
And here will doubtless linger
Until the latest knell
Of this, my earth existence,
Shall sound my ear to fill
With welcome invitations
To call me higher still.

GARFIELD.

He had climbed the mount of glory,
On its pinnacle he stood,
Grand, majestic, and was doubtless
One among the great and good.

By the act of an assassin,
And in spite of Dr. Bliss,
Garfield's soul is marching onward
Through a higher sphere than this.

He had suffered, deeply suffered,
For eleven weeks or more,
From the wound that Guiteau's bullet
Opened as it through him tore.

While 'twixt life and death he struggled
Not a murmur from him passed,
Proving that he was courageous
And heroic to the last.

But his sufferings now are over
And he's gone from earth away,

Nevermore again to mingle
With terrestrial forms of clay.

From the mansion executive,
Garfield's body has been borne
To his grave beside lake Erie,
And a nation made to mourn.

As his stately form lies buried
In the soil beneath his bier,
All that we can now do for him
Is to drop a glistening tear.

By the action of a villain
Great has been the loss endured,
And 'tis obvious that nothing
By the deed has been secured,

Notwithstanding that old adage,
Which some credence has obtained,
That in every loss there's something
Absolutely to be gained.

As he is no more, now let us
To our loss become resigned
Then in reconciliation
We will consolation find.

JONES' FARM.

It is a magnificent farm
As ever lay out of the door,
'Twill suit any one to a charm
That chances to view the place o'er.

'Tis prairie and woodland combined,
Devoid of gutter or ditch,
And no where around can you find
A soil so decidedly rich.

'Tis rolling enough to convey
The water that falls on the farm,
To places some distance away
And not let it do any harm.

Not rolling enough quite to wash
The soil should it rain for a week,
As many a pumpkin and squash
Would testify could they but speak.

No rocks can be found anywhere
Within its broad limits I know,
But what could be hurled through the air
By any schoolboy that can throw.

'Tis destitute too of ravines,
An absolute fact, and no myth—
And were I possessed of the means,
The farm I would purchase forthwith.

Not a hillock, or even a mound,
Arises to shut out the view,
And what is said here will be found
In ever particular true.

Much else might be said of the place,
And sentences wrote by the score,
But neither my time nor my space
Will admit of another word more.



AUTOGRAPH.

(Written in my son's album.)

I'd not have you avaricious,
But to some extent ambitious
So that on the scroll of fame,
I might sometime read your name.

THE VILLAGE COBBLER.

The village cobbler *there* he sits,
He makes but little by his wits,
But hammers, sews, and pegs away
From early morn till close of day.
A *useful* man is he indeed
And one whose services we need,
In good repair he keeps our shoes
And keeps us posted on the news.
He is a man devoid of rank
Nor does he own a mill or bank,
And *yet* he thinks he has enough
And some to spare, of this world's "stuff."
'Tis easy to enumerate
All that belongs to his estate.
He has his pipe of clay to smoke,
His bench constructed out of oak,
His hammer and his pegging awl,
Of shoe-thread too he has a ball ;
A few old lasts has he to use
In cobbling up our boots and shoes ;
His knife, as keen as any briar,

Will almost clip into a wire.
These are the things that constitute
His worldly goods beyond dispute ;
From earthly cares so nearly free
A *happy* man indeed is he.
Upon his bench he sits and pegs
But seldom gets upon his legs,
And thus he toils from day to day
When scarcely he can make it pay.
Our cobbler is a *clever* man,
He will oblige you if he can,
He'll suffer some you may depend
But what a neighbor he'll befriend ;
A *gentleman* this cobbler is,
Who seldom gets above his "biz,"
Attending strictly to his own
He lets your "biz" and mine alone ;
Our hero is an *honest* man,
He pays his debts whene'er he can,
And when his promises are out
They'll be fulfilled beyond a doubt.
And so a *truthful* man you see
Our village cobbler needs must be.
The village children love him all,
While passing by they sometimes call
To see him work or hear him sing
Or for their shoes to get a string.

He is beloved by young and old,
Not for his silver or his gold
As this is something he has not,
For it has ever been his lot
A cobbler *good* to be, but poor,
A fate he always must endure
So long as life its sway can hold
No silver will he have, or gold.



SINCERITY.

He to her.
Now to the point, my darling :
You know I have the money,
And that is what you're after
So will you have me, honey?

She to him.
I cannot say I love you,
My little Dickey Dilver,
But then I guess I'll wed you
Just for your gold and silver.

WHAT I'D RATHER BE.

The following poem is represented as being written by a young lady in answer to the question : " Would you like to be a Queen or the wife of a King and live in town, or would you rather be the wife of some man occupying a more humble position in life? And if the latter what occupation would you prefer that he should have?"

I'd rather be a farmer's wife
And live a quiet rural life,
Than on my head to wear a crown
And dwell in some magnific town.

I'd rather to my house work go
And toil until the sun is low,
Than to a princely court repair
And meet the lords assembled there.

I'd rather cook the food I eat
And know it to be clean and neat,
Than have a train of servants share
Their efforts to my food prepare,

I'd rather o'er the wash-tub bend
Or e'en my husband's breeches mend,
Than be the one to wield the pen
That often seals the fate of men.

I'd rather to my bosom press
My baby in a fond caress,
Than be compelled to shake the hand
Of any noble in the land.

I'd rather in my parlor sit
And with my finger sew and knit,
Than have the people at me stare
As if I were a grizzly bear.

I'd rather be to fame unknown
And bear no burdens but my own,
Than on my head to wear a crown
And be a queen of high renown.

Upon the whole I'd rather be
A lady from all titles free,
Than be a queen of stately form
To bear the brunt of every storm.

A DREAM.

The following lines are represented as being written by a lover to his sweetheart.

I had a dream the other night
Or else a vision, love,
I thought I was an angel bright
And roamed through realms above.

In some abnormal state perchance
Might then have been my mind,
I probably was in a trance.
Or something of the kind.

I seemed to pass from earth away
Like gliding down a stream,
And halted where the angels stay—
“It was not all a dream.”

'Twas then I made good use of eyes,
Awhile I stood and gazed
Upon the grandeur of the skies
Like one that was amazed.

The dazzling splendor of the scene
Was all that I could bear,
The place was clothed in living green
And music filled the air.

With odors sweet the atmosphere
Seemed laden heavily,
And every breeze it did appear
Brought them direct to me.

Outspread before me here and there
Were flowers of every hue,
Which made the landscape rich and rare
And most enchanting too.

'Twas millions upon millions, love,
Of spirits saw I there,
Inhabiting those realms above
So marvelously fair.

In all that land I did not see
One lovelier than thou,
'Twas that way then it seemed to me,
And seems so to me now.

All I beheld within the heart
Of that bright land, I know,

Was nothing but the counterpart
Of what we see below.

But every dream, however sweet,
Outside of what's divine,
Will have an end that is complete
And thus it was with mine.

When I awoke the clock struck ten,
The sun through skylights gleamed,
The fact became apparent then
That I had more than dreamed.



AUTOGRAPHS.

As this is a poetic age,
And autographs are all the rage,
I, *too*, will try my hand at one,
And write in rhyme as all have done.

I do not see as others see,
Nor think as others do,
As there should be variety
Beneath the heavens so blue.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

There has much been said
Of the "beautiful snow,"
That falls from above
To the ground below
Descending in flakes
That lodge at our feet
Enshrouding the earth
Like a winding sheet.

It may without doubt
Be all very true,
May seem indeed beautiful,
Reader to you,
But I must confess
'Tis not so with me,
No beauty in snow
Did I ever yet see.

It hides from our view
The beautiful earth
And prompts us to seek

The fireside and hearth,
It makes all appear
A desolate waste,
A picture devoid
Of beauty and taste.

There's nothing appears
So vacant I know,
So dreary and bleak
As "beautiful snow,"
About it methinks
There's naught to admire
Or aught that can please
One single desire.

Its nature is so
Confoundedly cold
'Tis not very pleasant
A handful to hold
Or even to give it
A delicate touch,
This "beautiful snow"
That's talked of so much

Benumbing our flesh
Is what it will do,

Resulting in aches
That are sure to ensue,
The fact is apparent
And has been of old
That 'tis no more pleasant
To touch than behold.

Methinks as I fix
Upon it my gaze
That there can be naught
About it to praise,
Or even a thing
About it to love,
Although it has come
From regions above.



AUTOGRAPH.

I hope, my friend, you will not laugh
When you behold my autograph,
For let me here declare to you
That 'tis the best that I can do.

THE CENTENARIAN'S REVERIE.

A hundred long years have gone by
Since the trivial day of my birth,
And now I am ready to die,
And leave all I have upon earth.

They call me a veteran old—
A relic antique for the age,
And publish in letters of gold
That I am a "veteran sage."

For my love in humanity's sake
My name they revere, it is true,
With respect to this matter I take
A decidedly different view.

We are bound to each other by ties
And closely connected in fact,
What we owe to humanity lies
In helping each other to act.

By heeding each summons when called
My duty I only have done,

For which I should not be extolled
By any one under the sun.

Alas ! Of what trivial worth
Are the praises of fallible man,
Who's naught but a dweller of earth—
A speck in the infinite plan.

My battles of life now are o'er,
The sun of my glory is set,
I am nearing that radiant shore
Where pilgrims so often have met.

My property now I convey
To those who have on it a claim,
And can conscientiously say
I have not lived wholly in vain.



DEATH.

When we no more can get our breath
'Tis then we'll sleep the sleep of death.

THE GRECIAN BEND.

The following poem was written in 1873
when the Grecian Bend was in fashion.

The Grecian Bend—where did it start?
I'm certain 'tis a thing of art,
For well I know that nature ne'er
Produced a thing so very queer.

I fain would ask some lady friend
To tell me why the Grecian Bend
Has with her sex such favor gained
When at its sight I'm really pained.

Methinks that I can hear her say
That 'tis the fashion of the day,
And like a log that has a bump
A woman now must have a hump.

I ne'er have heard a man of sense
Express himself in its defense,
But take it as a general rule
He speaks of it in ridicule.

Suppose a sage of ancient birth
Was to descend from heaven to earth,
I wonder what he'd have to say
About the fashions of to-day.

To see a lady with a hump
An inch or two above her "rump,"
Would puzzle him, I'll bet a cent,
To tell exactly what it meant.

The sight indeed would scare him so
That back to heaven he would go,
And ne'er again would wish to roam
Beyond the confines of his home.

The Grecian Bend will have its day,
Like other things 'twill pass away,
When something else will take its place
To add to woman's form a grace.



AUTOGRAPH.

We should add to what we already know,
A little more as we older grow.

ON AN OLD MAID.

“O, pity the sorrows of a poor old maid,”
Without a chick or a child,
Whose beauty already begins to fade
Like the tints from the roses wild.

Whose days here below are dwindling away
As fast as they possibly can,
Without the least prospect, I’m sorry to say,
Of her ever obtaining a man.

Who has not had an offer in all of her life,
Though the beaux have been plenty indeed,
Undoubtedly would she have made a good wife
For the one that belonged to her creed.

But now she is fidgety, wrinkled, and old,
As a matter of course she must be,
On the old maid’s list she has long been enrolled,
But nevertheless she is free.

Yes, free as the gay, feathered tribes of the air
To go and to come when she may,
With no one to dictate, or even to care,
As to whether she's home or away.

Should her life linger on till she's three score and ten
She'd be crabbed and cross as a bear,
She would care not a fig for any one then
Nor for *her* would there any one care.

I never have thought I could be an old maid,
Although I would doubtless be free ;
Could bask if I chose in the sunshine or shade
Still the life would be dreary to me.



MY WIFE.

On the beautiful prairie is where I dwell,
I have a home there and I love it well,
In that home there is *one* who is dear to my heart,
And according to law of myself she's a part.
Very true it may be but I rather suspect
That the law may not be altogether correct.
Be this as it may, she's my darling, my dove,

And the one above all I most ardently love.
My wife is affectionate, gentle, and fair,
And willing with me all my fortunes to share ;
She looks so becoming, so tastily neat,
So modest, so lovely, so charming, and sweet,
She keeps herself tidy as tidy can be
And ever is ready to welcome me.
With broomstick in hand she frequently sweeps,
Her house in good order she usually keeps,
In arranging her furniture, here let me say,
An exquisite taste she is wont to display.
In trimming her dresses, or those of some belle,
Her taste is exhibited equally well,
There is great regularity in and about
The kitchen, the pantry, the chamber, throughout ;
And all of her meals, they are regular too
As the sun that looks down from the heavens so blue.
Her beds are made up by herself all alone
And her equal at this I have never yet known,
They are downy and soft I would have you to know
And her sheets are as white as the crystallized snow.
She is cheerful withal, not a fault can I see,
Accomplished and witty—a model is she.
It is pleasant to dwell on her qualities rare,
But pleasanter still in her favor to share,
I call her my darling, my dutiful wife,
The light, and the love, and the joy of my life.

RELIGION.

Some people would define Religion as a strict observance or recognition of certain rites and ceremonies, as a system of faith and worship. Others would define it as a high sense of duty or moral obligation we owe, alike to ourselves and our fellow man, a veneration and love for that which is good and say it is a principle inherent in the human race, and has to be developed before any good will be derived from it. Ingersoll, however, would give it a different definition still. He says religion is "help for the living and hope for the dead." Our definition of it and what it will do is this :

Religion—what a boon
To weak and erring man,
For such it has been deemed
Since first the world began.

Religion is a power
That ever works for good,
Enabling us to do
Exactly as we should.

Religion helps restrain
The weak from doing wrong,
To them it is a gain,
'Twill even aid the strong.

Religion gives us hope
As well as joy and peace,
All this 'twill do and more,
Our faith it will increase.

Religion does us good,
It makes the soul rejoice
When we with age are bowed
And tremulous the voice.

Religion has us do
To others as we would
Have them to do to us,
And so it must be good.

Inside the church or out
This fact we must admit,
It is not every man
That is possessed of it.

CENTENNIAL.

The following Centennial Address was written and published the Fourth of July, 1876.

PART I.

It is presumed that well you know
About a century ago
Some colonies had overspread
The very land on which we tread,
Whose history we now propose
To give in rhyme instead of prose ;
And also how we had a birth
Among the nations of the earth.
It is a story somewhat old,
And many a time it has been told,
By old and young, the good and bad,
By "dimocrat" as well as "rad,"
But notwithstanding all of this
Perhaps it may not be amiss
For me, in my peculiar way,
To tell it on this glorious day ;
A day that we with joy should hail,
To celebrate we should not fail,

A day so seldom to be seen,
For such are few and far between.
Now as this day has dawned at last
A backward glance through time we'll cast,
Go back a hundred thousand suns
And trace the story as it runs.
At Jamestown in Virginia,
We have authority to say,
A settlement of note was made
By pioneers of English grade,
And was the first upon the coast
Of which our countrymen can boast.
Soon after that a pilgrim band
Departed from their native land,
And settled on New England's shore
Two hundred years ago or more,
Sectarian were they indeed,
And Puritan was called their creed.
The Mayflower was the bark that bore
These pilgrims from their native shore,
O'er billows wild they had been tossed
For months, before the sea was crossed,
When all were landed on a strand,
Far from their own—their native land :
Yes there they stood, that ardent few
Who'd changed the Old World for the New,
Who'd braved the dangers of the sea

That they might independent be.
'Twas winter time, and all around
The snow was deep upon the ground,
No shelter but the forest vast
To shield them from the wintry blast.
Methinks I see that little flock
Still standing there at Plymouth rock.
Surrounded by a hostile foe
More dreadful than the imps below ;
Yet from that bold and ardent few
A nation sprung, and formed, and grew.
At first great difficulties had
To be o'ercome, by good or bad,
Before much progress could be made
Or permanent foundations laid.
In order for to prosper well
The Indian race they had to quell,
For very soon they did become
To pioneers quite troublesome ;
'Twas often they would prowl about
And butcher settlers out and out,
So what was there that could be done
Except to load and shoulder gun
And to the forest go and dare
The dangers that would meet them there?
To make the savages repent
Was now the white man's sole intent,

They fought him with a desperate will,
They fought to conquer or to kill ;
The "reds" at last became dismayed,
And then aside their weapons laid.
Now for a while peace reigned supreme
And every one began to dream
Of happiness, as it would seem,
And went to work with right good will
His cup of happiness to fill ;
They did increase and flourish well,
The lofty forest trees they fell,
They opened homes on every hand
Throughout a great extent of land,
They built up cities, here and there,
All o'er a land of beauty rare ;
When opulent they had become
Which was at least the case with some,
And when great progress had been made
In arts, in science, and in trade,
And everything looked clear and bright
A cloud appeared as dark as night,
Their peace and happiness to mar,
For 'twas the dismal cloud of war ;
But let us for a moment pause
Before we blunder at the cause.

PART II.

The Mother Country in her pride,
Although to us so near allied,
Began to look with jealous eyes
Upon this people, and devise
Some means by which her royal crew
Might draw from us a revenue.
The subject was discussed, of course,
With some degree of mental force,
By those who now proposed to rule
A people stubborn as a mule ;
It was indeed a dangerous theme,
But soon they hit upon a scheme,
To tax us lightly at the first
And heavier still whene'er they durst.
The Stamp Act now by them was passed,
Which was enough our hopes to blast,
They laid a duty on the tea
That had been wafted o'er the sea.
Our rights were shamefully abused,
Representation was refused,
'Twas their design that we should yield
To them the power that they might wield
The scepter now, at our expense,
Regardless of the consequence ;
It was supposed we would submit

By all, except such men as Pitt,
Who claimed to know us well enough
And did what they could do in fact
To know that this was nought but stuff,
To make their countrymen retract,
But all that they could do or say
Was labor lost or thrown away.
So we were taxed and taxed again,
We plead for justice, but in vain,
'Twas evident the time had come
When something serious must be done.
Our men were active, stout, and brave,
Their object was the land to save
From tyranny's relentless power
Which now oppressed them hour by hour.

PART III.

One hundred years ago to-day
The people of this land did say,
We'll free and independent be
Of British rule beyond the sea.
They now believed they had the bone
And muscle too to stand alone—
To sink or swim, to live or die,
They had resolved the thing to try,
Full well they knew their destiny,

'Twas obvious or plain to see
That Britain's power they'd have to fight
With all their energy and might.
The Declaration being made
Most skillful plans, and deep, were laid
To carry out their bold intent
For certainly they business meant.
It was a bold and daring act
There's no one can deny the fact.
And one that tried their courage more
Than it had e'er been tried before.
Sir William Howe in pomp was sent
To make us of this act repent,
And when he reached Columbia's shore
He made his huge old cannon roar ;
He thought he'd scare us into fits
And to this end employed his wits,
He scattered soldiers here and there,
But somehow 'twas we did not scare.
We now appointed Washington,
Columbia's most honored son,
To take at once the chief command
Of all the forces in the land.
The war of course had now begun
And crimson were the streams that run,
For many a man that battled well
In freedom's cause most nobly fell,

Suffice to say for eight long years
This land was bathed in blood and tears ;
The struggle was an arduous one
But gained at last by Washington.
Though liberty was dearly bought,
A lesson to the world was taught
By this great war, and one indeed
That tyrants would do well to heed ;
'Twas then a nation had its birth,
To-day the proudest on the earth,
'Twas then three million souls were all
That rallied forth at freedom's call ;
Since then the number has increased
To forty millions more at least.
Our territory then was small
Compared with what it is to-day,
Just thirteen feeble States in all,
But now it stretches far away,
And reaches out from shore to shore,
And from the Gulf to Labrador,
Or somewhere near that land of snow,
Where tempest winds so often blow :
State after State has fallen in
Since we have independent been,
Till now they number thirty-eight,
A Union absolutely great,
What government through civil strife

Would not have been deprived of life?
Yet ours has nobly stood the test,
By Providence it has been blessed ;
A century it now has stood
And so we must pronounce it good ;
That this our land might ever be
The welcome home of liberty,
Should be the fervent wish of all
That can their own this country call.
Now to conclude we will but say,
This is our great CENTENNIAL day,
The first, and last, for you and me
So may it long remembered be.



DEVOTED.

Poems of an order high
Will I write until I die,
Then, O then, and not till then
Will I lay aside my pen.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is indeed a happy man,
He finds no fault with nature's plan,
And with his lot he is content
Although he may not have a cent ;
But should he chance to wealthy be
None would enjoy it more than he.
He is a man that little cares
About this wicked world's affairs,
He lets it wiggle as it may
Nor has he very much to say,
For well he knows he cannot bring
About a change in anything.
He ne'er anticipates a harm
When there's no cause for an alarm,
He has a conscience that is clear
And consequently naught to fear,
He evidently takes delight
In doing what he thinks is right,
Regardless of the moral code
That Moses wrote, while on the road,
Which led him to that other shore,
Three thousand years ago or more.
He is a man that does not fret
Like some o'er matters small, and yet

He is quite willing to admit
'Tis hard sometimes to keep from it.
Of course he has his bitter foes
Likewise his friends as well as those—
To friends he is as true as steel
While with his foes he does not deal ;
He's one that ranks among the good
And does to others as he would
That they should do to him, and thus
He never gets into a fuss.
His aspirations long have ceased,
He's not ambitious in the least,
He's no desire to captain be
Of any crew on land or sea ;
He often wonders why it is
That man sometimes neglects his "biz"
To take his chance in an event
That makes somebody president.
He studies well the rules of health
And then applies them to himself
However hard or difficult,
But health of course is the result ;
If we may be allowed to guess,
He never eats to an excess,
Takes no intoxicating draughts
Nor even tea or coffee quaffs,
So there can be no pain nor ache

To keep this gentleman awake,
And consequently sleep to him
Is rest indeed to weary limb.
Although not plenty on the street
This sort of man we sometimes meet.



THE TEACHER'S SOLILOQUY.

My name is Addie Rogers,
'Twas step by step I rose,
Till now I teach in Fairview
As everybody knows.

The people here are pleasant,
And very, very kind,
And some there are among them
Religiously inclined.

With deference they treat me
I fervently declare,
And if I were a princess
I could no better fare.

Who would not be a teacher ?
If they could have the chance,
The cause of education
And science to advance.

It is a noble calling,
This no one can deny,
To name one that is nobler
The world I do defy.

O, yes, I'd be a tutor
And do my duty well,
While teaching the beginner
To read and write and spell.

To teach the young idea
Exactly "how to shoot,"
Is work that I delight in
I think beyond dispute.

In teaching there is pleasure
Most exquisite I say,
When each and all are willing
Their teacher to obey.

'Tis trying on one's patience,
However, when some rule
Has been most rudely broken
By members of the school.

And yet we must expect it,
Apparently 'tis meet,
That we should take the bitter—
The bitter with the sweet.

McGINTY'S CHANTICLEER.

The following lines were written and published soon after a poem appeared, entitled McGinty's Hoss.

McGinty had as fine a fowl
As ever crowed for day,
He was erratic somewhat, too,
As well as proud and gay.

A noble pair of spurs had he
With which he loved to fight,
To whip the neighbors' fowls he thought
He had a perfect right.

While monarch of his feathered tribe
Some fun had he, "you bet,"
For when another fowl appeared
He'd make that rooster get.

Across the way he'd sometimes stray
In spite of rain or frost,
And thus it was by trespassing
His life, alas, he lost !

He wandered out across the street
One very stormy day,
And for a while he lingered 'round
Where he'd no right to stay.

At length he hopped upon the perch
And crowed his *farewell* crow,
The lady grabbed her rolling-pin
And at him she did throw.

She gave the missile lightning speed,
It took him on the head,
He reeled and in a moment more
He tumbled over dead.

He then was of his plumage stripped
And cooked without delay,
And made a good substantial meal
For those across the way.

McGinty's chanticleer is gone
No more to greet us here,
No more to crow at dawn of day
Throughout each passing year

His roost is draped in mourning now
We sadly feel his loss
Since he has gone, undoubtedly,
To join McGinty's "hoss."



Poetry indeed is poor
When the sense is left obscure,

THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT.

The following lines are represented as being addressed by an outcast to her former associates, and others of the female sex generally.

It was but ten short years ago
I was a maiden gay you know,
A maiden gay as gay could be,
Not given to debauchery.

It was but ten short years ago
I was the pet and pride you know,
The pet and pride of all I knew
Beneath the vault of heaven so blue.

My hand was sought by young and old,
Not for the glitter of my gold,
'Twas not for this, but just because
A queen of beauty then I was.

My suitors were quite plenty then,
And some indeed were gentlemen
Of means as well as good repute,
Who labored hard to gain their suit.

But I was foolish quite, indeed,
My friends' advice I did not heed,
I thought I would as soon be dead
As to be to the altar led.

But time sped on and now I roam
An exile from my dear old home,
An outcast from society
Is what I find myself to be.

No home have I, no one to care
For me or in my misery share,
My virtue gone, my good name fled,
And I am to my kin as dead.

In fact my soul of late has been
Most thoroughly submerged in sin,
And now my life is not, you know,
Just what it was ten years ago.

- But who is there that is to blame?
Who brought me to disgrace and shame?
I will be frank, the truth I'll own,
It was myself, and me alone.

Be not like me, ye maidens gay,
From paths of virtue do not stray,
If you would shun a life of woe
And be respected here below.

PROGRESS.

If we would some progress make
While we chance to linger here,
We must look before we leap
To be sure the way is clear.

If no obstacles appear
Progress surely can be made
By all that are not disposed
In the least to retrograde.

We should strive with might and main
To learn something every day,
That to us will likely be
Advantageous in some way.

Each succeeding day we should
Know a very little more
Of ourselves and of the world
Than we knew the day before.

Facts are what we want to know,
And are "stubborn things" indeed,
Through this life's vicissitudes
They're exactly what we need.

How to gain them—*there's* the rub,
All the way that I can see

Is to go investigate
Nature's forces thoroughly.

This will lead us on and up,
Add a little day by day
To our stock already gained
That will ultimately pay.



AUTOGRAPHS.

He that's rich in earthly treasure
Can carouse and have his pleasure.

What seems to you incredible
By all means set aside,
It need not be accepted
Nor need it be denied.

You ask me to write in your album
A verse sentimental and smart ;
But what shall it be, is the question,
That troubles this moment my heart.
I only can think in my sorrow
What a fool I have made of myself,
By trying to write in your album,
Since taking it down from the shelf.

MY COUNTRY.

I love the land that bore me,
The land that gave me birth,
It lies spread out before me,
The fairest land on earth.

I love her lofty mountains,
Her hills and valleys fair,
Her clear and sparkling fountains
That greet us here and there.

I love her spreading prairies
Extending far and wide,
Where flowers in splendor blossom
On each and every side.

I love her noble forests
So august and so grand,
Which decorate with beauty
The precincts of our land.

I love her running waters
That doth to seaward glide,
Likewise her sons and daughters
Who on her shores abide.

I love her flag, the ensign
That doth so proudly wave
O'er sixty million freemen
And not a single slave.

I love her institutions
Though faulty they may be,
'Twas wisdom that conceived them
But justice made them free.

On earth there's naught that's dearer
Than this bright land to me,
Nor is there aught that's nearer
My heart, or e'er can be.



YOUTHFUL PLEASURES.

When but a boy, O what a joy,
To run and play and skip about,
Or with my hook to seek the brook
And fish awhile for speckled trout.

STEADFAST.

In a case where a man is satisfied with his matrimonial venture he is very willing in after years to express himself accordingly, as did the old gentleman who is represented as being the author of the following poem.

Ten thousand suns have risen and set
Since dawned the day when first we met;
No clouds had then thy pathway crossed,
On life's rough sea thou'st ne'er been tossed.
O, then thou wast a maiden gay,
As brilliant as the orb of day,
Upon thy brow no trace of care
Could then have been detected there ;
Thy cheeks were like the roses red
When plucked from off their native bed.
Those eyes of thine were bright indeed,
Of glasses fine, they had no need.
Thy brow was like the lily fair
And silken was thy golden hair ;
Those ruby lips were finely cut,
And when they were not closely shut,
Disclosed a set of teeth to view
That well became a girl like you.
Thy form was lovely to behold
For it was cast in beauty's mold,

And when it floated in the dance
Its beauty, nothing could enhance.
Such charms I could not long withstand
So we were joined both heart and hand.
But *age* has come! Thy wrinkled brow
Denotes that life is ebbing now ;
The luster of those eyes has fled
And dimness fills them now instead.
Thy cheeks their tints have long since lost
And covered is thy head with frost,
And one by one those pearly teeth
Have fallen to the ground beneath,
While now it takes an hour at least
At any ordinary feast
Your meal of victuals to complete,
So very slow you have to eat.
In some respects I plainly see
You are not what you used to be ;
Changed has become thy outward form
Since meeting with storm after storm.
One consolation of my life
Is *this*, my dear beloved wife,
There's naught can change thy inmost soul
So long as suns and planets roll.

SATISFACTION.

There is some satisfaction in living
When we look upon all as our brothers,
There is more satisfaction in giving
By far than receiving from others.

There is some satisfaction in eating
When hunger the stomach oppresses,
And likewise in pleasantly greeting
The one that receives our caresses.

When thirst has o'er-vanquished us nearly
In drinking there's exquisite pleasure,
'Tis water we prize then most dearly
That satisfies us beyond measure.

When we with fatigue are quite weary,
O what is more pleasant than creeping
Beneath the bed blankets so cheery
And take satisfaction in sleeping ?

O, let us be ever pursuing
The course that is narrow and straight,
As there's satisfaction in doing
The right thing before 'tis too late.

There is great satisfaction in knowing
Our lives shall flow on evermore.
And in wisdom and knowledge keep growing
As sphere after sphere we explore

HOME.

Were we inclined to wander forth
And through the world to roam,
We ne'er would find a spot as dear
To us as home, sweet home.

It has a charm no other place
Has got or ever had,
In bidding it a last farewell
The heart must needs be sad.

It is the only spot on earth
We feel ourselves at ease
And know we have a right to do,
And act, just as we please,

That is, provided that we keep
Within the bounds of love,
And treat each other as they do
In the bright realms above.

Of luxuries it may become
Quite destitute and bare,
Yet home it is and nothing less
For love is centered there.

And we will cling to it despite
The wolf that's at the door,
And make ourselves at home the same
As we had done before.



'TIS SAID.

'Tis said there is a world of bliss
Existing just outside of this,
Where we shall go when we are done
With earth and all beneath the sun.

'Tis said there is a world of light
Inhabited by angels bright,
Where we shall know our loved ones well
When over there we go to dwell.

'Tis said there is a world of love
Not far away in realms above ;
Although it is beyond the tomb,
There's sunshine there instead of gloom.

Why should there not, O let me ask,
Be such a place where we may bask
In sunshine when this life is o'er,
And happy be forever more?

TO MY WIFE.

Some years have passed adown the tide
Since you became my loving bride,
And you have proved yourself to be
An estimable wife to me.

Without you what would be my life?
A lonely one, with sorrow rife,
Much like a shrub without a flower
Or desert's waste without a shower.

Instead of joy 'twould give me pain,
With much to lose and naught to gain,
Were I compelled to live apart
From one I love with all my heart.

Without you, Jane, my home would be
A dreary place indeed to me,
And most sincerely I declare
I would not wish to linger there.

Since you became my lawful bride
You've been the acme of my pride,
No pen of mine or tongue can tell
How much I love you or how well.

THE UNIVERSE.

The Universe, O what a word !
There's not another such
In all the world of literature,
It signifies *so much*.

The Universe comprises all
Within the realms of space,
Extending to remotest bounds,
It doth all things embrace.

The sun and moon are only parts
"Of one stupendous whole."
That in illimitable space
Perpetually doth roll.

The earth with all its oceans vast,
Its every land and sea,
Is but a mite, compared with all
This great immensity.

The comets too are wanderers
Amid this heavenly throng,
And to the boundless universe
They do of course belong.

The hundred thousand stars that shine,
With radiance of their own,

Are mighty suns belonging to
This universe alone.

Around each sun are planets vast,
Revolving evermore,
With beings of intelligence
They're doubtless peopled o'er.

We, of this earth may be but babes
Compared with what they know,
And yet we boast of knowledge vast
As through the world we go.

In numbers how superior
To us beneath the sun,
They number tens of millions, where
We number only one.

The Universe—its scale how grand ?
O'er space its cycles sweep,
In dazzling splendor, O how full !
In mystery how deep !



AUTOGRAPH.

My autograph I now will write
Upon this page so clear and white,
So that in after years you may
Behold what I have written to-day.

ON DYING.

Great nature's call we must obey,
To it we yield without delay,
And whether 'tis to me or you
A quick response will but ensue.

She calls, but utters not a word,
Her call is felt but is not heard,
No sooner does she bid us die
Than we are destined to comply.

We cannot well the call resist,
However, much we may insist
On staying here, but we must go
And leave behind both friend and foe.

The scenes we love so well and all
Pertaining to this heavenly ball,
We leave them when her stern decree
Goes forth that sets our spirits free.

We enter then the spirit land,
So great, magnificent, and grand ;
When first we're made to realize
We were intended for the skies.

New aspirations now begin,
New thoughts—ideas all within—
Our being changes, we aspire
To something nobler, something higher.

So let the call come when it may,
We should be ready to obey,
For much there is in store for all
Who meekly yield to nature's call.



IGNORANCE.

Now if it is a fact
That "ignorance is bliss,"
O, then there cannot be
A happier world than this.



AUTOGRAPH.

We ought to always take delight
In doing what we think is right.

THE BLACKSMITH.

Beside the forge the blacksmith stands,
He earns a living with his hands.
His *business* is to shape the wedge
Upon the anvil, with his sledge,
To weld the iron when broke in two
And make it just as good as new,
To cut a thread upon the bolt,
To shoe the mare, but not the colt,
To know just when to strike, and not
To hit the iron when it is hot,
To blow the bellows now and then,
To know how hard to blow, and when.
He is presumed to know just how
To keep in good repair the plow,
The thing most useful to mankind
Of anything that you can find
Constructed out of iron or steel,
Intended to promote our weal.
These are among the things that go
To make what he's supposed to know,
They are a part and nothing more
Of what should constitute his lore.
He is a noisy man indeed,

In this respect he takes the lead,
From early morn, till close of day
You'll hear him on the anvil play
A sort of tune with lively ring
That really is quite deafening.
His strong right arm is able to
Perform the work he has to do.
His heart is willing, so you see
He is just what he ought to be.
Although a man, he's like an ace,
He fills a consequential place,
His services in fact are such
As should be valued very much.
Without him it is plain to see
The disadvantages that we
Must necessarily undergo
While plodding on our way below.
His fate is somewhat hard, 'tis true
For this is what he has to do :
To blow and strike, to strike and blow,
Then o'er the same again to go,
From hour to hour, from day to day,
Until he toils his life away.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

My youth, alas, has passed away
And now I'm old and somewhat gray,
Quite wrinkled is my brow with age
For life with me has reached a stage
Much harder to endure than when
I was a lad of nine or ten.
The joys of youth, alas, have fled
And sorrow haunts me now instead.
At best life's paths are rough, "you bet,"
As we proceed they rougher get.
No flowers for us are wont to bloom
As we draw nigh unto the tomb.
O yes, O yes, I'm old they say
And have not very long to stay ;
My limbs are feeble and my strength
Will wholly disappear at length,
And then, O dear ! What shall I do,
No friends have I that's staunch and true ;
For years ago my children died,
'Twas one by one they left my side

And disappeared from view, no more
To greet my sight as heretofore.
This was not all, for soon my wife,
The joy and comfort of my life,
As she was then—and, O so brave—
Was next to fill the yawning grave.
This was too much for me, and I
Had then a great desire to die ;
But I could not, and so you see,
I live to-day to ask of thee
Thy sympathy, as well as aid,
To help me on life's downward grade,
That I might halt and eat a bit
When there comes on a hungry fit.
If you have aught that you can give,
To succor me while yet I live,
Most thankfully 'twill be received,
And one poor soul will be relieved.

BEAUTY.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

When I was young and pretty
He clung close to me then,
But since I'm old and ugly,
He's like most other men,
He seeks the more attractive,
The ugly he neglects,
And yet I can excuse him
For these are his defects.

Of course it is his nature
A beauty to admire,
And so we see 'tis only
His natural desire.
Nor can my husband help it,
He'd do so if he could,
But it is my impression
He could not if he would

O, beauty, thou enchanter,
Thy conquests are complete
And yet with all thy magic

Thou art a glorious cheat.
Thy power is great wherever
Thou hast a lurking place,
For man's not constituted
To shun a lovely face.

O, no, he could not do it,
He could not if he would,
And I'm of the opinion
He would not if he could.
There is no power that's greater,
Unless 'tis that of gold,
It sways alike the lordly,
The humble, young, and old.

It causes man to waver
From his designs in life,
And in a thousand cases
It is the cause of strife.
The eye of man it pleases
Exactly to a dot,
And thus 'tis doing something
That other things cannot.

It is a gift of nature
Unto a favored few,
That lingers for a season

Then vanishes like dew.
Would that 'twas universal,
Possessed by every one
That has a form or being
Beneath the glorious sun !

Would that 'twould bloom eternal,
And never fade away !
'Twould be a joy forever,
As poets sometimes say.
This life would be more pleasant,
As man would closer cling
To wife, and not regard her
As an ungraceful thing.



AUTOGRAPH.

Now if you were a farmer's wife,
'Tis my opinion that your life
Would suit you, Maggie, just as well
As if you were some reigning belle.

THE ROSE.

No flower is *lovelier* than the rose,
Has been the verdict, I suppose,
Of the refined in every age
Since Noah built his mighty "cage."

There's nothing *purser*, I believe,
Of which our nature can conceive,
Unless it is the sparkling dew
That doth its leaves so oft imbrue.

O, what is sweeter, let me ask ?
To answer this would be a task
Too arduous to undertake,
So the attempt we will not make.

Its fragrance fills the very air
With odors sweet, delicious, rare,
If not the eyes it is the nose
Will tell us where to find the rose.

There's beauty in the parent shrub
Ere it enfolds a single bud,
But more by far. I here declare,
When roses sweet have blossomed there.

Their tints are all so delicate,
And in variety so great,
I never can while here I live
A nice description of it give.

A small bequest I now will make,
Before I sleep no more to wake :
When I have drawn my latest breath,
And closed my eyes in silent death,

If one sweet rose full blown and fair
Can be procured from anywhere,
O place it gently on my breast
Before I'm laid away to rest.

'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I crave,
To occupy with me the grave,
When my obituary's read
And I am numbered with the dead.



AUTOGRAPH.

Virtue is the radiant star
That leads the soul to heaven afar,
The star that must our footsteps guide
If we in heaven would abide.





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